

GENUINE PHOTOGRAPHS OF BLOOMFIELD-MAGILL FIGHT ON PAGE 6

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1923

One Penny.

POPULAR ACTRESS WEDS



Mrs. Haddon Chambers, known to playgoers as Miss Pepita Bobadilla, photographed in the register office, after her marriage to Captain Sidney G. Reilly, an ex-officer of the Royal Air Force. On the left, Miss Alice Manzes, who attended the bride.

DIVORCE DECREES



Left, Mrs. Muriel Teresa Bernard (Miss Muriel Terry), now appearing as Mrs. Trape in "Polly," at the Savoy Theatre, London, granted a decree nisi against her husband on the ground of desertion and misconduct. Right, Mrs. Ada Matilda Diver, who was granted a decree nisi by Mr. Justice Hill. She said her husband had not spoken a single word to her for three years and two months, although they lived together and sat opposite to each other every day at the midday meal.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT SWANSEA SHOW



The Prince chatting to one of the men of the guard of honour.



The Prince of Wales preceded by macebearers on his arrival at Swansea.

The Prince of Wales received an enthusiastic welcome when he visited Swansea for the Bath and West Show of which he is president. He is an exhibitor in the classes for Shorthorn cattle and took first prize for heifers calved in 1921 and third for heifers

calved in 1922. His presence at the show, in which he was very greatly interested, helped to secure a record attendance. During his stay in the West the Prince was the guest of Lord and Lady Blythwood at Penrice Castle.

DEAD DOCTOR'S WOMAN PATIENT.

Inquest Allegation That She Worried Him.

'DREADFUL SCENES.'

Witness Says Doctor Tried to Stop Her Taking Cocaine.

"Dreadful scenes" between a woman patient and a doctor were mentioned at the inquest yesterday on Dr. Mark Style sixty-one, of Queen-street, Mayfair, who committed suicide by injecting morphia into his thigh.

Dr. Style had suffered from insomnia, and on Sunday he was found unconscious on a couch in his consulting-room.

Miss Florence Ford, a cousin of Mrs. Style, said she thought the doctor had been driven to suicide by worry, and that Mrs. Massey-Dawson, living with the doctor and his wife as paying guest and patient, had worried him.

A strange story of how Miss Ford had gone to Scotland Yard to find out where Mrs. Massey-Dawson got drugs, which it was thought she took, was recounted.

SCOTLAND YARD VISIT.

Mrs. Style's Cousin Tells of Inquiry Regarding "Patient's Cocaine."

Dr. Style's account at the bank was in perfect order and not overdrawn.

Miss Florence Ford, of Grove End-road, St. John's Wood, a cousin of Mrs. Style, said the latter gave her a home for some time.

The Coroner: When did you hear of Dr. Style's death?—On Sunday night.

Did you go to Scotland Yard?—No. I have been in touch with Scotland Yard about the matter. I went on Monday night.

What did you say?—I said I knew Dr. Style never took drugs or drank, but that I thought he had been driven to it by worry, and that this patient (naming Mrs. Massey-Dawson) had worried him.

You mean driven him to suicide?—I don't quite mean that. I mean that he took something to make him sleep.

"HE WAS VERY WORRIED."

The Coroner: That he was driven to death by worry, then. Worry what about?—I knew the patient had worried him and that he had a lot of trouble with Mrs. Massey-Dawson. The patient made dreadful scenes with him.

Miss Ford said: "I think he suspected her of taking a drug and that he tried to stop her from taking it, and I think it was cocaine."

Mrs. Style asked me to go to Scotland Yard about the cocaine. She wanted me to find out, if I could, where the lady got the cocaine from.

"I went to Scotland Yard, saw an inspector, and told him that we suspected where she was getting it, but could not prove it. We did not know definitely, but we suspected a woman who used to visit Mrs. Massey-Dawson."

The Coroner: Had he ever threatened to take his life, or had he said that he was tired of life?—No.

Detective-sergeant William Ryan said that at 10.30 p.m. on May 14 he was called up on the telephone at New Scotland Yard. The caller said:

Dr. Mark Style, of 8, Queen-street, Mayfair, has committed suicide by taking morphia. He is my brother, and the inquest will be held at Westminster on May 15. A woman named Mrs. Massey-Dawson who has been in the doctor's house is responsible. This woman has been getting cocaine from Mrs. Style, whose address I cannot think of at present. I will call at 10.30 to-morrow morning.

The caller said that she was Miss Ford, of Grove End-road, St. John's Wood.

MRS. MASSEY-DAWSON'S STORY.

Police Sergeant Nicholls said that on Wednesday last he went to Queen-street, Mayfair, and saw Mrs. Massey-Dawson, who was in bed apparently very ill.

She said her name was Emily Banner Clough Massey-Dawson, and that she was the wife of Captain Francis Massey-Dawson. She had been suffering from acute disease for some years, as well as angular symptoms.

She saw Dr. Style after lunch on Sunday, when he was depressed. There was nothing between Mrs. Massey-Dawson and Dr. Style except as patient and doctor under the skin.

Dr. Brydone, of Charles-street, Mayfair, stated that he had been to Dr. Style's house to see Mrs. Massey-Dawson in consultation with Dr. Mitchell-Bruce. Mrs. Massey-Dawson was hysterical and had acute disease.

The Coroner: You think the suggestion of cocaine is unfounded?

Witness: No, sir. It was hysterical paralysis that Dr. Style assured Mrs. Massey-Dawson of, but there is a strong possibility of her having taken drugs.

His (the coroner's) experience showed him that insomnia was a common cause of a sudden impulse to commit suicide.

He recorded a verdict that the doctor committed suicide while of unsound mind.

RADIO BAN REPRISAL.

Public Likely to Make Their Resentment Felt.

OPERA SUCCESS.

The deadlock between the British Broadcasting Company and the rival entertainment interests, though officially unchanged, is regarded by the artists on both sides as showing a tendency to improvement.

This is due to a number of causes. The broadcasting of "The Valkyrie" opera from Covent Garden on Thursday night was a triumph both for the artists concerned and for radio.

"Listeners-in" heard every note perfectly, and the experience will undoubtedly help to create a large public taste for opera, which will react to the benefit of Covent Garden. Artists whose talents are at present withheld from broadcasting programmes are also beginning to wonder whether they are not missing the biggest opportunity yet presented for winning public favour.

On the other hand, thousands of "listeners-in" who have bought receiving sets are already exercising a considerable influence on the situation.

Artists and amusement caterers that ban the "listeners-in" are threatened with reprisals, and in the end this form of public pressure is certain to become a matter for serious consideration.

The Daily Mirror was informed yesterday by Messrs. Chappell and Co., Ltd., that their ban on the broadcasting of speeches by the Prince of Wales and Earl Haig, to be delivered at the Queen's Hall meeting of the British Legion to-morrow, was still effective.

"So long as Mr. Boscawen is concerned," it was stated, "the situation is unchanged."

MOST MUSICAL PEOPLE.

Famous Organist Places English in Front of All Europeans.

"Contrary to common opinion, the English are naturally the most musical people in Europe," declared Mr. Arthur Nicholson, organist of Westminster Abbey, at the conference of Parochial Church Councilors at Swanwick, Derbyshire, yesterday.

He went on to say that one part of the country was not more favourable than another for the development of musical talent, and there was no inherent advantages in the hilly districts over the flats of England.

JUDGE'S BAD LUCK.

Mr. Justice Bailhache Tells How Client Let Him Down in Box.

Mr. Justice Bailhache told an amusing story in the King's Bench Division yesterday of his experience when practising at the Bar.

"On one of our cases in a case in which fraud was alleged," said his Lordship. "My client in the box was asked, 'Do you still persist in your charge of fraud after the evidence that has been given?'"

"To my amazement and disgust the witness said 'No.' The late Lord Russell, who was trying the case, said to me, 'What are you going to do now?'"

"I said, 'Nothing.' Lord Russell turned to the witness and said, 'You have spoken like an English gentleman. There will be judgment against you with costs.' There was nothing more to be said," added Mr. Justice Bailhache, "and we all came away."

TALKATIVE MEN.

"Haven't Women Got Brains?" Asks Woman Guardian Seeking to Speak.

"Haven't women got brains? One would think they hadn't by the little chance they get of speaking."

Such was the complaint of Mrs. Rothwell at Edmonton Guardians' meeting. She said: "I have got up half a dozen times to speak, but have had to give way every time to a male guardian."

Some of the men, she added, had spoken a dozen times and had not given way to a single woman member.

STITCH IN TIME CURE.

Grandmother Sews Up Bad Boy's Pockets to Prevent Him Stealing.

When a thirteen-year-old boy was summoned at Gooles for theft his grandmother, who had charge of him, was asked by the magistrate if she had chastised him for the offence.

She replied that she had not, but had applied a better correction by sewing up all his pockets so that he would not be able to bring home anything not belonging to him.

THE KING SEES RARE STAMPS.

The King paid an early visit yesterday to the Horticultural Hall, where the Royal Philatelic Society are holding an exhibition, and received an enthusiastic welcome.

He showed great interest in the various exhibits, some of which are rare and valuable, and expressed pleasure at having the opportunity of visiting them.

WOMAN'S ORDEAL.

Alleged To Have Been Sent to Asylum Though Sane.

COUNCILLOR'S CHARGES.

An allegation that a woman, said to have been certified by a doctor as insane, was found on arrival at Highbury Asylum to be sane, was made by Councillor Henbrey at a meeting of the Hastings Board of Guardians. The woman was discharged at once.

Councillor Henbrey, who recently visited the asylum, declared that there had been cases of persons received at the asylum who were not insane, but who were kept a fortnight to see whether they were insane or not.

He suggested that when a person sent to the asylum was found to be sane the certifying doctor should not receive his fee.

The Guardians decided to have full inquiries made.

GIRLS' FOOTBALL BAN.

Charity To Suffer by Council's Decision—"A Disgraceful Sight."

By nine votes to seven the council of the Royal and Ancient Bunch of Rutherglen, Lanarkshire, have refused to allow a women's football match to take place in the public park in aid of the funds of the local "Lest We Forget" Association.

Councillor Hill said it was nothing short of disgraceful to have an exhibition of twenty-two women playing football, and Councillor May agreed that it was wrong to encourage girls to take up the game—wrong physically and morally, and wrong for the community to "look at it."

It was a disgraceful sight, he added. Councillor Ognall supported the application, saying his colleagues were getting "ancient minded."

FATAL BOATING FALL.

Girl Who Lived on Water All Her Life and Never Learned to Swim.

"She was born in a boat, and lived on the water all her life, but never learned to swim."

This was the description given at the inquest yesterday on Emma Holland, the twenty-one-year-old daughter of a bargeman, who was steering her father's boat on the Grand Junction Canal, when the tiller snapped. She lost her balance, fell into the water, and was drowned.

Recording a verdict of Accidental death, the coroner remarked that it was "astonishing that a girl who lived always on a boat should never have become a swimmer."

"I should have thought," he added, "that this life-saving art would have been one of the first things she would have learned."

CROKER WILL TANGLE.

Another Development in Curious Marriage Dispute.

New York, Friday. Mr. Guy R. Malone, through his attorney, has issued a statement denying that he ever married Mrs. Bula Croker, as alleged in the Dublin Appeal Court on Wednesday.—Central News.

Mrs. Ethel White, daughter of the late Mr. Richard Croker, on Wednesday last successfully appealed against a decision which gave her liberty to intervene, but not to plead, in the coming action in connection with the Croker will.

Mrs. White brought forward a charge of fraud, alleging that at the date of the pretended marriage with the late Mr. Richard Croker, Mrs. Bula Croker was the lawful wife of Mr. Guy Malone. Counsel for Mrs. Croker denied the charges.

DECREE FOR ACTRESS.

Pupil of Miss Muriel Terry Who Ran Away with Husband.

A decree nisi, with costs, was granted to Mrs. M. T. Bernard (Miss Muriel Terry, the well-known singer now playing in "Polly") on the ground of the desertion and misconduct of her husband, Mr. Oliver Percy Bernard.

Answering her counsel, Mr. Bernard (instructed by Messrs F. O. Chinner and Co., solicitors), Mrs. Bernard said she was married in October, 1911. There were no children.

They lived at Rose Lodge, Hampstead. On December 15, 1921, she obtained a decree for restitution of conjugal rights.

Do you know Miss Fedora Rozzelli?—Yes. She was a pupil of yours?—Yes, and went away with my husband.

After Mrs. Bernard had recognised a photograph of Miss Rozzelli, a witness from the Waldorf Hotel, London, stated that Mr. Bernard and the "lady in photograph" had stayed there.

AMBULANCE THAT BROKE DOWN.

Complaints having been made that an ambulance broke down three times on the way to the infirmary, and that the stretcher in another broke, the patient being dropped to the bottom of the car, Southwark Guardians have bought a new fleet of motor-ambulances.

HUSBAND SILENT FOR THREE YEARS.

Home Only Used as Place To Have Meals.

DECREE FOR WIFE.

Judge Views Queer Conduct as Equal to Desertion.

After seeing him every day for three years and two months, during which he had his meals at home and slept out, and never spoke a single word to her, Mrs. Ada Matilda Diver, of Hewart-road, Forest Hill, was yesterday granted a decree nisi against her husband, Mr. George Henry Diver.

From the marriage in 1899 until 1920, said Mrs. Diver, they lived happily, but after she had had a nervous breakdown he told her that he would not be her husband again.

On one occasion, she added, he tried to strangle her. He continued to go home for midday dinner until the day before yesterday, but his silence was unbroken.

Mr. Justice Hill ruled that the husband's conduct amounted to desertion. Misconduct was also proved.

DINED AT HOME.

Husband's Regular Visits for Meals Till Day Before Decree.

Answering her counsel (Mr. Geoffrey Tyndale), Mrs. Diver said the marriage took place in 1899. There were no children.

Until January, 1920, she and her husband lived fairly happily together. Then she had a nervous breakdown and went, with his consent, to live with her mother.

In March, 1920, when she returned home, her husband told her she could stay away or remain, but that he could never be a husband to her again.

During that time was he friendly towards you?—No. During the whole time he never spoke a word.

Was he there to his meals?—Yes. Mr. Justice Hill: Then there was not a word spoken in the house?

Mrs. Diver: No, he would not answer me when I spoke to him.

"On the Tuesday before Good Friday, 1920," added Mrs. Diver, "we were having dinner, and I asked him why he should treat me so because of a nervous breakdown, when he had told me I should never regret the time when I married him."

"He then got up and, coming behind my chair, caught me round the throat and tried to strangle me. I went home and told my people about it."

How long did this go on?—From March, 1920, until January, 1921.

Not a word passed between you?—Not for three years and two months.

Then he left you?—Yes; but he came in and had mid-day dinner with me.

Was that part of an arrangement?—No; but he continued to do that after he left to sleep away from home.

How long did he continue to come home to dinner?—That has gone on for over three years. Is it continuing now?—Yes; right up to yesterday.

The Judge: Does he ever speak when he comes?—Mrs. Diver: No.

Does he not ever complain?—No. He just sits down silently and eats?—Yes; eats his dinner and walks out again.

Is the man in his right senses? Is he right in his head?—Yes for some things.

Misconduct having been proved at an address at Bexhill last year, the Judge held that the husband's unusual conduct amounted to desertion, and granted a decree nisi with costs.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Lighting-up time to-day is 9.48 p.m.

The Duke and Duchess of York arrived at Bruton-street yesterday from Scotland.

Surgery Death.—Mr. W. S. Edeleston, J.P., a solicitor, died yesterday in a Preston doctor's surgery.

Ex-Governor Assassinated.—Senor Ferdinand Regual, ex-Governor of Vizcaya, has been shot dead at Leon.

Non-Stop Dances.—Two dancers, Leon and Camille, have footlocked at Luna Park, Paris, for twenty-four hours.

\$1,500 Pearl Lost.—Mrs. Wertheimer, an Englishwoman, lost in the Rue de Rivoli, Paris, a pearl earring that cost \$1,500.

French Premier's Escape.—M. Poincaré had a narrow escape from serious injury when his motor was in collision on the Paris boulevards with a lorry.

Jute Lock-Out Threat.—Owners of Dundee Jute Mills have decided to declare a lock-out on June 1 if the spinners on strike against a rearrangement of the management fail to return.



Mr. Justice Hill.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1923.

WHITSUN WEATHER.

WHAT will it be like?

Always we affect scorn of the weather prophets, yet generally, at the last moment, we eagerly scan their columns in the papers.

We learn little that is definitely reassuring.

Usually what we read is that there is a "depression" hanging about somewhere; that it is moving slowly towards us, or slowly away; but that it may not come so far as the place chosen for our week-end; or that it may not move from that place in time. In sum, "unsettled" is the common official description of weather prospects in our alleged spring and early summer. Unsettled: which may mean anything from a blizzard to a heat wave.

After that, you may, if you like, glance down the list of weathers provided yesterday at all the favourite resorts.

You will find a wide assortment, ranging descriptively from "mainly fair" to "rain, hail, squally, thunderstorms and sleet." Better not consider it too closely.

Englishmen are said to be born gamblers, and perhaps it is our climate that makes us so. It places an elemental uncertainty all about us. It encourages us to take risks.

Also it apparently prompts our unfailing optimism.

It may rain—it may snow—but we never believe it will. If it does, we console ourselves with grumbles about this "unheard-of May" or this "record August." We like to forget that it was much the same when we escaped for a few days last year and the years before that; until, searching back in memory, we at last light upon a summer that was, for once, "really fine."

So this year and this Whitsun. The shops, we hear, have been crowded with women in furs buying "light wraps and summer frocks." Optimism again! And it doesn't matter—so long as you take the furs with you, as well as the summer frocks.

MANAGER & PLAYWRIGHT

THERE has been a certain bitterness latent in the theatrical world ever since the war ended, and with it ended also the season of the theatres' great prosperity.

Just now this bitterness reveals itself in an argument, about the decline in theatre-going, between managers ("commercial" or artistic), dramatic critics and actors, with "old players" occasionally intervening.

Mr. Dennis Eadie, one of the most intelligent of the managers and one of the cleverest of the actors, thinks that the cause of the theatrical slump is the shortage of really good English plays. He writes persuasively in that sense; but frankly we do not agree with him.

If he had the School for Dramatists he advocates, if all the well-taught authors thereupon began to turn out excellent plays, does Mr. Eadie really think that the theatres would be crowded, even if the plays were at once produced by the doubting managers?

No; the public may go to a good play or to a bad one, but sheer excellence in the play is no infallible lure for a multitude now invited by a hundred counter-attractions: by the dancing mania, by the summer-time temptations of sport out-of-doors and by the cinema, to a certain extent—though even cinemas are doing badly.

Most of these unfavourable conditions are independent of the theatre itself. We are very sorry that it should be so, but we fear that no manager, however artistically commercial, no playwright, however brilliant, and no dramatic critic, however kind, could be certain of securing success for a production at a time when, on all sides, people have so many other things to do, and so little money to do them with.

W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Late Comers at the Theatre—Office Friendships—The Servant Problem—Is Dancing Healthy?

OFFICE FRIENDSHIPS.

WHETHER office friendships turn out well or not depends very much upon one's discernment.

If one discovers a likeable fellow—or girl—in the office there can be little harm in forming a friendship, and as for wagging tongues—well, they are best ignored. Two Pats.

FROM MISS PAULINE LORD.

I WONDER whether I might offer a suggestion from America in furtherance of the convenience of English theatregoers?

Since I have been in London the problem of the theatre late-comer has been the subject of discussion as much in theatrical green rooms

DANCE AND BE HAPPY!

TO dance makes one happy (as a rule!), and to be happy is to be healthy.

Why say that one is likely to catch colds, pneumonia, etc., at dances?

A nicely polished floor, specially treated, prevents dust from rising.

It is the cheap suburban dance hall that is the chief cause of nose and throat troubles. J. HARDING.

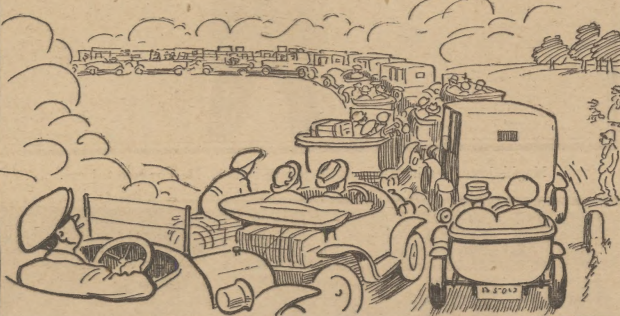
MALE SERVANTS.

"SERVANTLESS Bachelor" seems indeed to have been unfortunate in his male servants.

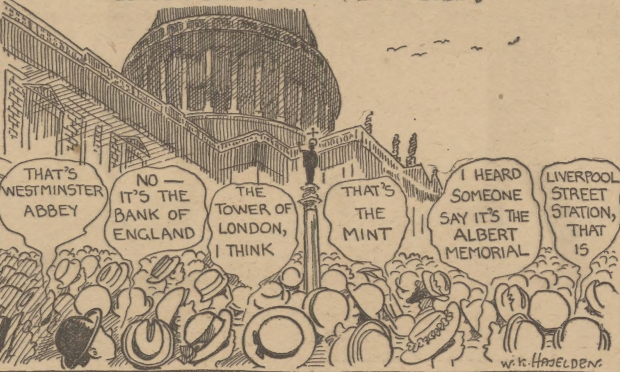
Might I suggest that those to whom he alludes as having a strange capacity for consuming

CROWDS EVERYWHERE: A MYSTERY OF HOLIDAY TIME.

IT IS STRANGE THAT WHEREAS AT HOLIDAY TIMES THE COUNTRY ROADS LEADING FROM LONDON PRESENT THIS APPEARANCE—



LONDON SEEMS FULLER THAN EVER!



"Millions" certainly leave London. But on the other hand "millions" come here. Result—London as full as ever.

as in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair. How does it arise? How may it be solved?

The late-comer, I think, is a product of the modern tendency to "hustle"; the days when a theatre party was planned a week beforehand have long since passed. How often in the middle of dinner is not the question asked: "What time does the curtain rise?"

It seems to me that a practice which is coming greatly into vogue in America offers the solution. There the tickets are stamped with the hour of the performance. Perhaps there may be technical objections to this, but it would be extremely interesting to hear the opinion of such an indefatigably playgoing public as London's on the subject of the "timed ticket."

PAULINE LORD.

Strand Theatre, Aldwych, W.C.2.

WAIT UNTIL THE TRAIN STOPS!

ON reading "City Typist's" letter in your issue of the 12th inst.—especially the second paragraph—I hoped that someone would point out to your correspondent that the railway companies publish by-laws issued under the authority of the Board of Trade.

Anyone entering station premises has notice thereof by means of a large poster in which are set out the appropriate penalties.

Moreover, a passenger who takes a ticket for a journey will find a reference to these by-laws at the back.

The by-law applicable to the case in question is No. 10, the gist of which is as follows:—

"No person shall enter or leave any carriage whilst such carriage is in motion, or open the door of any such carriage whilst in motion."

G. W. R.

cigars and whisky are the third-rate men, such as are found in all walks of life, probably receiving third or fourth rate wages!

Anyone who pays a living wage could choose between dozens of men of stainless character. BUTLER.

THE WRONG EDUCATION.

SURELY the servant difficulty is greatly due to the way girls are educated. As children they are taught singing, and even dancing in some of the village schools, and teachers are told to amuse them as much as possible.

Could they not be equally amused by teaching them housework and cookery? E. O.

THE IDEAL HOUSEKEEPER.

AN old friend of mine employs a very dear old woman who acts as housekeeper and does light housework, the heavier work being done by a chambermaid.

This dear old lady is devoted to him and he to her—in fact, she is "more like a mother" to him. Such treasures are extremely hard to find in these days. E. D. R. R.

CRITICS AND PLAYS.

PEOPLE should ask themselves what they would do without the critics.

These men have had many years of experience in the theatrical world, and they do their work as conscientiously as the actors they criticise.

Most persons stand by the verdict of the Press, and usually, by the turn of events, their confidence is justified. T. C.

Cromwell-road, S.W.

DO WE ALL HURRY TOO MUCH?

THOUGHTS IN TIME FOR A WHITSUN WEEK-END.

By E. F. FORSTER.

A RECENT bad mishap at a railway station has once more called attention to the foolish and dangerous practice of flinging open the door of a compartment as the train enters a station.

One sees this in full swing at any terminus. Probably one will see it on a large scale during this week-end's Whitsun rush.

As the train steams in, doors are opened and eager passengers appear calculating the moment to jump. Leaping from the still-moving train, they execute a few comic dancing steps on the platform and then hustle towards the exit.

And to what end? What use can they possibly make of the fraction of a second which they have "saved" by these gymnastics? They have saved it, too, only to lose it again, for they will have to suit their pace to that of the crowd which slowly filters through the ticket collector's barrier.

One can only suppose that, as these performances are not only dangerous, but absolutely futile, they are only gone through for a species of "swank." The performer wishes to impress upon the innocent bystander what an alert, hustling "live wire" he is—a man to whom every second is of priceless value.

As a matter of cold fact, the reverse is the case. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the young man beginning life that a man in a hurry is an incompetent man.

A CURIOUS PARADOX.

We all know the type of man who never seems to have a moment to spare. He rushes about the world, looking "hot and bothered," getting in everybody else's way, and for ever mumbling apologies for being in such a tearing hurry that he "can't stop a second." He likes to think that he is impressing people with the amount of business he is doing; but the calm and unprejudiced observer only sees an irritating type of inefficiency.

When you put your head inside his office he looks at you with wild, unseeing eyes and jerks out, "Frightfully sorry, old man; can't spare a second; such a heap to do this morning." The really efficient man can spare you any amount of seconds, for he has a firm grasp of his affairs, and knows that, in Archbishop Temple's deathless phrase, he has "all the time there is."

It is a curious paradox that the man in a hurry gets through less work than the competent man who remains unruffled. The latter's brain acts quickly and coolly; he has the power of almost instantaneous decision; he "sees" a thing in a moment. Wherefore he is really getting through his work at a more rapid pace than the man-in-a-hurry.

BE IN TIME!

You will have noticed that the man in a hurry never seems to be in time for anything, for all his hustle. He is always at least a quarter of an hour late for his appointments; and rushes up to you, breathlessly, gasping out: "Awfully sorry to be late, old man; couldn't get away before; it has been such a busy day."

Whereas the really competent man is always punctual, for he has grasped the fact that the way to save time is to be in time.

For all his dashing about, the hustling man does not make a tidy day of it. Odds and ends of work are left undone, letters to be written are postponed, engagements are overlooked or "phoned off." These things do not happen to the able, competent man, who takes his time about things, and refuses to let them "rush" him.

Cocktails, con songs, and jazz bands are among the curses with which America has saddled us; but the worst is the doctrine of hustle. It has also sent us the office motto; and here is an absolutely new specimen which I have just invented:

"Hustle is the Enemy of Efficiency."

IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 18.—The "sun roses" (*helianthemum*) are delightful little subjects that remain in bloom throughout June and July.

These dwarf evergreen plants have sprung from the common "sun rose" (vulgar) of our English hills and lanes, and are obtainable in many colours—shades of pink, yellow, crimson and white. There are also double varieties.

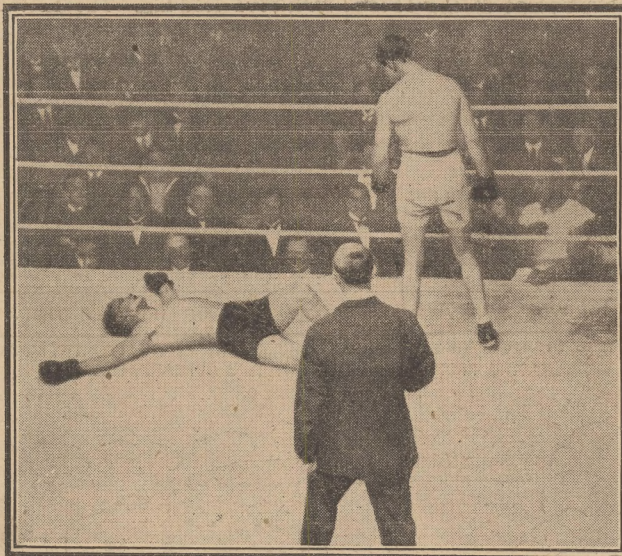
"Sun roses" are invaluable for the rock garden and for setting on walls and dry banks. Seen on a sunny June day, a mass of their dainty little blooms makes a dazzling display.

E. F. F.

BLOOMFIELD SUCCESSFULLY DEFENDS HIS CHAMPIONSHIP AGAINST MAGILL AT OLYMPIA



Magill sent to the mat in the third round, which was a bad one for him.



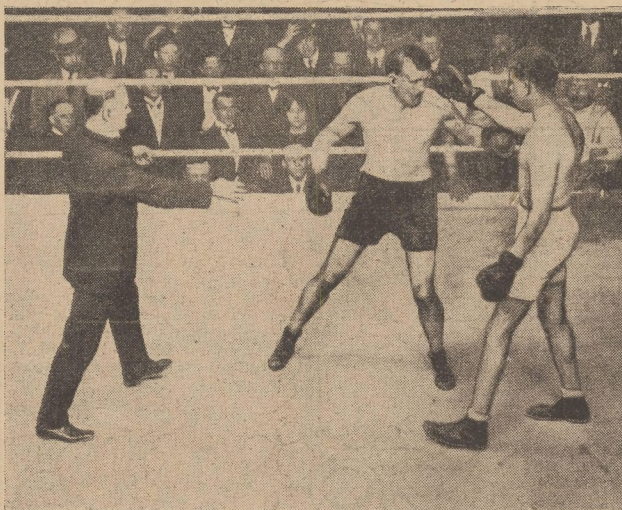
Magill down to a hard left in thirteenth round. He was counted out.



Bloomfield parries a left when Magill adopts forcing tactics.



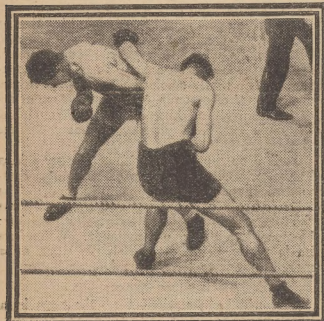
Bloomfield blocks a right hook. His defence was generally poor.



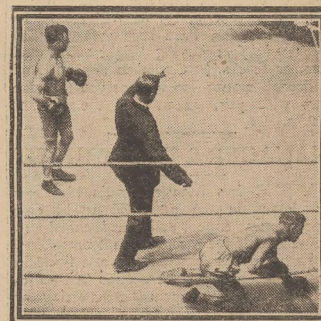
Bloomfield leaves an opening after landing with a right.



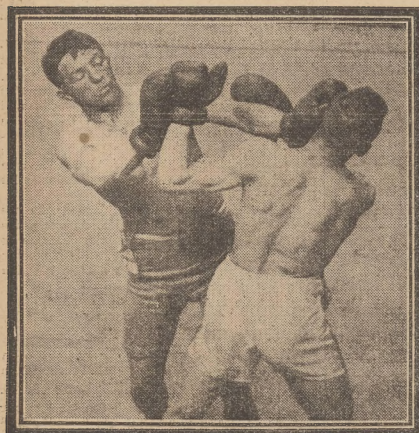
Magill, vigorously attacking, misses with a right lead.



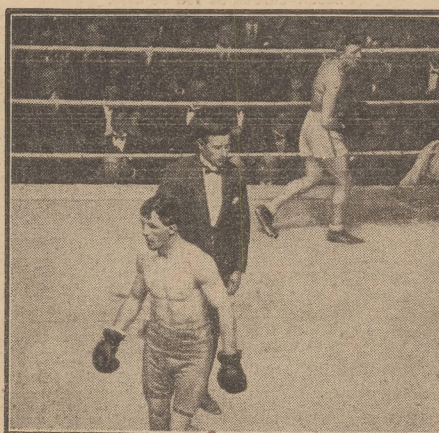
Bloomfield successfully ducks to avoid a dangerous left.



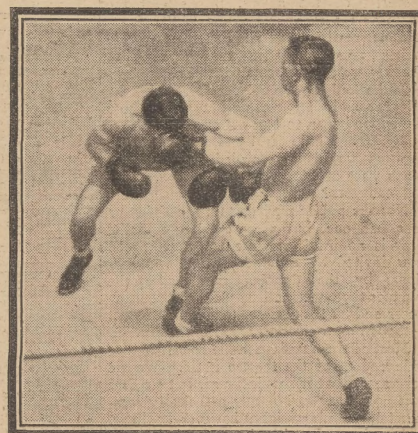
Mason down from a hit which he claimed to be a foul.



Hall gets home with a left through Mason's defence.



Referee disqualifies Hall for hitting low.



Mason wards off a left to the body.

Jack Bloomfield successfully defended his British light-heavy-weight championship against Dave Magill, the Irish champion at Olympia. Harry Mason won the European light-weight championship from Seaman Hall in a very unsatisfactory encounter. Mason's second appeal for a foul blow, made in the 13th round, was granted.—(D. M.)



Mr. Archibald Marshall, the popular novelist, whose latest story, called "Pippin," is a great success.



Lady Victoria Wemyss, lady-in-waiting to Lady Elphinstone at Holyrood for the General Assemblies.

WHITSUN PROSPECTS.

Better Roads for Cars—At the Spanish Embassy—Drury Lane Success.

IT SEEMS LIKELY that there will be fine weather for the holiday, though the cautious meteorological experts tell us not to be disappointed if the temperature remains low, and there are "occasional showers." Whitsuntide is regarded as the official beginning of warm weather, though its origin has nothing to do with the state of the elements. The name derives from a festival of the Church known as White Sunday, when newly-confirmed persons wore their white garments in celebration of Pentecost.

Roads.

A motoring friend tells me that there is, generally speaking, a great improvement in the surface of most of the roads in the country. The heavy charabanc had made travelling over certain main roads a kind of "witching waves" process for ordinary motor traffic, but the roadmakers have been busy during the winter. I hear, however, that some of the Cornish roads are still beyond a joke!

The King's Stamps.

The King has given proof of his enduring interest in stamp collecting by inviting philatelists to tea. His Majesty has been a collector ever since he was a lieutenant on the Thrush, and he long had a special box in the office of one of our leading stamp dealers for the reception of anything of which it was thought that he would like to have the refusal.

Interesting Debutante.

Colonel and Mrs. Maurice Drummond have a debutante girl, Miss Myra Drummond, and are settled in Hyde Park-street for the season. Mrs. Maurice Drummond, who has a nice voice, some years ago made a debut on the professional concert platform as Ida Drummond. Mrs. Drummond is sister of Captain George Drummond, with whom royalty often stay for hunting, and another brother married Pauline Chase, of "Peter Pan" fame. Her husband is Lord Perth's half-brother.

Duchess of Norfolk's Niece.

Another Drummond debutante is Miss Myra Drummond's cousin, Miss Margaret Drummond, daughter of Sir Eric and Lady Drummond. Sir Eric is the busy secretary-general of the League of Nations at Geneva, but Lady Drummond, the Duchess of Norfolk's sister, is bringing her daughter to London for the season and will be staying in Great Cumberland-place. Both these Drummond cousins are just eighteen, and are to be presented at one of the Courts, I understand.

A Former Countess.

When the name of Mme. de Landa was announced at Lady Titchfield's dance it took quite a minute before people recognised its owner as the one-time Countess of Drogheda. She came with her Argentine husband and danced quite a deal. The two hostesses, Lady Titchfield and the Duchess of Northumberland, both looked the most charming and representative of the English type, the real blonde, and were much admired, the former in pink and the latter in silver lace.



Mme. de Landa.

Spanish Reception.
The pretty golden salon at the Spanish Embassy was filled by members of the Spanish colony, who went there to celebrate the birthday of King Alfonso. The Spanish Ambassador and his wife were indefatigable in entertaining their guests and afterwards all assembled in the dining room where a delightful tea was spread under the eyes of the fine equestrian portrait of his Most Catholic Majesty Alfonso XIII.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

Peer Poets.

Lord Latymer, who has prepared a selection of his verse for publication, is one of our few peer poets. The poetry of the nineteenth century has been enriched with the names of Lord Byron, Lord Houghton and Lord de Tabley. Peers, however, do not, as a rule, take kindly to poetry, and the example of Latymer cannot be cited, as he was made a peer because he was a poet.

"Life" of Anatole France.

I hear that a "Life of Anatole France" is likely to be written, with the Master's approval and assistance, by Mr. Lewis May. Mr. May, who comes from the West Country, was, for some time, associated with M. Henri Davray in the conduct of the *Anglo-French Review*. He speaks French perfectly.

Intoxication of London.

Miss Maudie Rayden, the woman preacher who is in London again after her American tour, interested a large audience at the Kingsway Hall on her various experiences. But I have never heard a bigger laugh, in the wrong place, at a public meeting than when she was talking seriously of the views of an American visitor. "There are so many things in London," said this lady, "that absolutely intoxicate Americans."

Ideas of Humour?

Ideas of what is funny differ greatly as between American and English films. Our friends in the States seem to think that the spectacle of a dog chasing a cat is a "sure winner" as a humorous episode. In two cases recently this kind of thing was received in silence in London cinemas. Our own producers are getting more on to the right lines.



Miss Mary Brough.

with such a film as "A Sister to Assist 'Er," in which that ripe comedienne, Mary Brough, plays the immortal Mrs. May.

"Polly."

Miss Brough, who has been on the stage since 1881, is known to her professional friends, with whom she is very popular, as "Polly." She has also become, perhaps, the most popular of English screen artists with the public—a welcome reaction from the continual procession of flabby "flappers" and dark-eyed "ramps."

Caricaturing an Actress.

Mlle. Cécile Sorel, the popular French actress, has been touring Spain and Portugal with great success. In Madrid she met the Spanish caricaturist, Bagaria, who did a rather unflattering drawing of her that recalls the famous Bib portrait. Bagaria, however, added to his drawing a tiny silhouette of the artist kneeling to ask the actress' forgiveness. Remorse . . . or fear of reprisals?

"Ned Kean" at Old Drury.

The play at Drury Lane based on the life of Edmund Kean, the famous actor who held the stage there a hundred years ago, has attracted many distinguished people and also that large crowd who have been delighted to welcome a return to spectacular melodrama full of "human interest." Thomas Pauncefoot, who plays the part of the comedian in "Ned Kean," has historic associations with the theatre, for his great-grandmother acted there on the night that Kean made his first appearance as Shylock.

Historic Stage Names.

The glory of "Ned Kean of Old Drury" is perpetuated by having a street named after him close to the National Theatre. Next to Kean-street is also Kemble-street, named after the other great tragedian who preceded Edmund Kean at Drury Lane. The street nomenclature of the neighbourhood, including Garrick-street, is rich in historic stage names.

The Bus Scramble.

I heard some of the provincial visitors to London complaining of the chaotic conditions prevailing at the bus stops at certain parts of the West End. It is a question of the survival of the fittest (and the discomfort of the fittest) when a bus arrives. Old people have not a chance of getting on at all under the present system. Why not queues at all central points?

Juvenile Shakespearians.

Mr. Israel Zangwill, who has a house at Rustington, is coaching children (including his own) to play the great Shakespearean roles, such as Hamlet, Portia and so on. With the youngsters round him he reads out the play and then hears the children recite their parts. It is all part of the preparation for a Shakespeare festival at Angmering-on-Sea in August.

For the Vicar.

This Angmering-on-Sea festival has for its object the augmentation of the vicar's stipend—a novelty in the way of in-aid-ofs, as far as my experience goes. I think it is a good idea, much better than the eternal bazaar or the village concert.

French Art.

A number of distinguished visitors have recently visited the Lefevre Galleries in King-street, St. James', to inspect the wonderful collection of nineteenth century French paintings which has been got together in aid of French charities. When the Crown Prince of Sweden paid a visit he was particularly interested in a painting by Degas.

An M.P.'s Recovery.

I learn that Lieutenant-Colonel Sir John Gilmour, M.P., who was a Junior Lord of the Treasury in the last Ministry, has quite recovered from his prolonged illness and will resume his parliamentary duties after the Whitsun recess. He is now at Montrave, in Fife-shire (where he was born forty-seven years ago). Sir John has just returned from the South of France, where he passed the winter.

Lord Craven's China.

Next week some fine specimens of Sèvres china will be sold amongst the various contents of the late Earl of Craven's house in Chesterfield-gardens. Everything is to be auctioned—the lease of the house as well—as Cornelia Lady Craven does not want to be burdened with so many houses.



The Hon. Irene Gage, sister of Viscount Gage, who is engaged to Mr. M. Shuldham Legh, of Wadhurst, Kent.



Mr. Alfred Drayton, who plays with grim force the villain in "The Bad Man" at the New Theatre.

American Actress' Ambition.

Miss Ronie Riano, the clever comedienne, who is making her first appearance in this country in "The Music Box" revue, tells me that it has always been her ambition to play in England. She has been a dancer ever since she was three years old, and her mother, Mrs. Riano, who is with her, played in England on the variety stage for over nine years. Miss Riano's little daughter Jane is also having her first glimpse of England.

Women's Luncheon Club.

Leeds, which, I believe, was the pioneer of the luncheon club idea, has started this week a most interesting innovation. It is a club for women, where the members can not only lunch but entertain distinguished men and women and discuss problems of the hour. I anticipate that the example will soon be followed in other towns.

"Beggar's Opera" Anniversary.

The third anniversary of the revival of "The Beggar's Opera," is taking place almost on the eve of the Handel Festival. It is interesting, therefore, to recall the fact that "The Beggar's Opera" was originally a parody of Handel's operatic work, even one of the airs in his "Rinaldo" being parodied by Pepusch.

The Country Appetite.

Glancing through a provincial newspaper yesterday I noticed the following advertisement: "Cattleman wanted at Whitsuntide; must be a good feeder."

THE RAMBLER.

When BIRD'S invented "SPONGIE," they made it as easy for anyone to make a perfect Swiss Roll, as to bake a plain cake.

Eggs are wonderfully cheap just now. Make the most of them by buying a packet of Bird's "Spongies" to-day, and enjoying your first perfect Swiss Roll.

"5 minutes to make, 10 minutes to bake" and it is ready for tea,—a plump, round, light Swiss Roll, delicious and tasty beyond compare.

BIRD'S "SPONGIE"

Large 6½d. pkts.



MOSLEM FESTIVAL AT WOKING



The spectacle on the lawn at Woking yesterday, when the Moslem festival of Eid-ul-Fitr was celebrated. The Imam delivered a discourse to the worshippers, many of whom wore native robes.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

ON GRASS COURT



Miss Borret playing in the women's singles at Surbiton, where the first lawn tennis tournament of the grass court season commenced yesterday.

SPOTTING T



Sir Thomas Horder, the physician, summoned to Paris to advise on the Prime Minister's health.

Jacko, the Newmarket monkey race-card. His judgment is held in



"BART'S" BALLOONS.—Students from St. Bartholomew's Hospital, clad in Tudor costume, distributing coloured balloons in London yesterday to advertise the revival by them of Bartholomew Fair.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



Mrs. Philipson and Tony attend to the chicks.



A charming family group. Mr. and Mrs. Hilton Philipson, with their small boy, Tony.

BERWICK CANDIDATE.—Mrs. Hilton Philipson, better known as Miss Mabel Russell, is contesting the Berwick Division as Conservative candidate in the forthcoming by-election, in place of her husband, recently unseated.

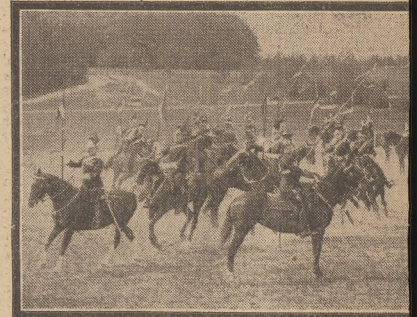


Jacko, the Newmarket monkey race-card. His judgment is held in



Well off the mark in start of one mile race.

MILITARY SPORTS AT DEVONPORT.—At the regatta held on the Brickfield at Devonport. There

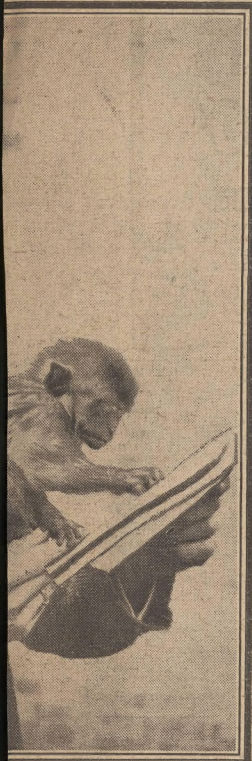


TOURNAMENT REHEARSAL.—The 12th Royal Lancers rehearsing the Military Tournament at Olympia.



AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.—The finish of the quarter-mile relay race at the Sloane School sports held yesterday at Stamford Bridge. This event was won by Battersea County School team.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

THE WINNERS



ter, spotting the winners on the
uch respect by his many admirers.

ACTRESS' WEDDING



Mrs. Haddon Chambers, known to playgoers as Miss Pepita Bobadilla, in the register office yesterday, when she was married to Captain Sidney G. Reilly. On the left, Miss Alice Manzes, who attended the bride.

AUSTRALIA'S EXHIBITION SITE



Lady Cook, wife of the High Commissioner of Australia, receiving a trowel with which to lift the first sod on the site of the Australian Pavilion at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley yesterday.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



Rev. Harry A. Hindle, Methodist Minister, of Glasgow, killed near Carlisle in a motor accident.



A little Whitsun holiday-maker prepared for all vagaries of the weather enjoys a cup of hot cocoa.



GIRLS' LONDON-BRIGHTON WALK.—The start from Big Ben last night of the walk to Brighton undertaken by thirteen girls from the Ministry of Pensions. A refreshment car and a travelling dressing-room accompanied them. (Daily Mirror photograph.)



Negotiating the awkward water jump in obstacle race. Tal sports of the King's Own Scottish Border Regiment, is plenty of fun as well as sporting interest.

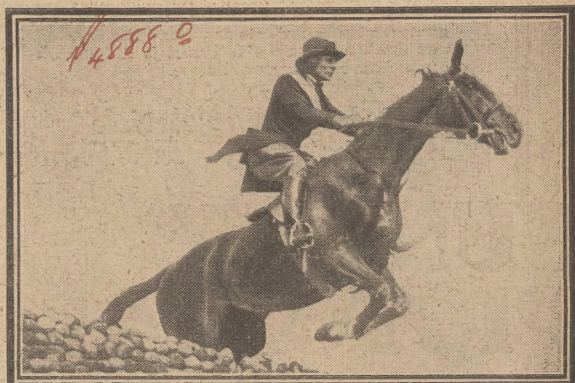


Overhauling the family transport facilities.

IN HOLIDAY MOOD.—Whatever the weather conditions may be they will not deter a host of holiday-makers from open-air adventures, and whatever happens they will enjoy themselves.



rehearsing at Tidworth, Wiltshire, for their display in forming figures during the musical ride.



AT DUBLIN SHOW.—Mrs. Arthur Wall taking a stone-wall jump on *Jon Mooney* at the Royal Dublin Society's Agricultural Show.

GET TO-MORROW'S

SUNDAY
PICTORIAL

AND READ

SECRET HISTORY
OF THE ENTENTE

H.M. the late KING EDWARD VII.

By LORD HARDINGE OF PENSHURST, K.G.

This month is the 20th anniversary of the memorable official visit of King Edward the Peacemaker to France, when the foundations of the Entente were laid. For the first time Lord Hardinge, who had a large share in the negotiations, breaks silence and tells the inner history of the visit and of its motives.

He explains that the actual visit was planned quite suddenly. The British Government were at first opposed to the idea, fearing hostility from the people of Paris, but the King insisted. He really had a rather mixed reception on his first arrival, but ended by winning the hearts of all Paris.

King Edward had a far wider policy than that of simply improving our relations with France. His gaze was fixed on Russia, which was then a pawn in the hands of Germany. Russian hostility to Britain remained for some time afterwards as great as that of the Soviets to-day. Lord Hardinge says that the Entente with France is still the corner-stone of the peace of Europe.

This Important Article
Appears Only In To-morrow's

SUNDAY
PICTORIAL

ORDER YOUR COPY TO-DAY.

"BLANCO" is now put up in liquid form, ready for use, at 9d. per bottle, also in the familiar metal box, with cake, and sponges, at 6d. and 9d., and separate cakes at 2d. each.

"Keeps white shoes white."

Immaculate!
because cleaned with "Blanco"
White Cleaner—not streaky and powdery, but a smooth, firm finish of perfect whiteness.
"Blanco" will not rub off.

'BLANCO'
RECT
LIQUID
WHITE CLEANER

From all Boot and Shoe Dealers, Athletic Outfitters, Stores, Grocers, Ironmongers, etc.
Sole Makers are
J. PICKERING & SONS, Ltd., Sheffield.

"BLANCO" is now put up in liquid form, ready for use, at 9d. per bottle, also in the familiar metal box, with cake, and sponges, at 6d. and 9d., and separate cakes at 2d. each.

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J. PICKERING & SONS, Ltd., Sheffield.

PERSONAL.

Rate 1s. per word (minimum 8s.); name and address must be sent. Trade advts. 1s. 6d. per word.

PLEASE—To get your letters; hope well.—E. B.
DONALD—Possibly; situation and feelings unchanged; away month; write after.
SUPERFLOUS hair permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.—Miss Florence Wood, 29, Grandville-garden, Shepherd Bush, W. 12.
COPIES of photographs appearing in "The Daily Mirror" may be purchased by readers at the usual prices on application to the office.
GREY Hairs.—Touch up the first ones with Tatcho-Tone; trial phial 8d.—Tatcho-Tone, 5, Great Queen-st., W.C.
COMPLEXIONS permanently tinted; Moles, Crude Tattoos removed.—Burchett, 73, Waterloo, London.

The above advertisements are charged at the rate of One Shilling per word (minimum eight words). Trade Advertisements in Personal Column: One Shilling and sixpence Per Word. Name and address of sender must also be sent. Address: Advertisement Manager, "Daily Mirror," 2529, Boulevard, London, E.C. 4.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI.—To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. Mats, Wed, Sat, 2.30. BATTLES BUTLER. Jack Buchanan, Paddy Timony.
ALDWINCH.—To-day, at 2.30, 8.15. "TONS OF MONEY."
Wed, Sat, 2.30. Yvonne Arnaud, T. Walls, R. Lyne.
ALHAMBRA.—(Gerr. 5064.) Daily, 2.30, 6.10 and 8.45.
YOU'D BE SURPRISED. Usual Prices, 6s. to 9d.
AMBASSADORS.—THE PLEASANTLY PLEASANT.
Eve, 8.45. Mats, Whit Mon, Tues and Fri, at 2.45.
COMEDY.—Every evening, at 8.50. "SECRETS."
Pax Compton, Leon Quartermaine, Tues and Fri, 2.30.
COVENT GARDEN.—British National Opera Co. To-day, 2.30. LANSAL and GRIFFIN. To-morrow, 7.45. FAUST. CRITERION.—At 2.30 and 8. CHARLES HAWTREY in JACK STRAW. Mats, Tues, Thurs, Sat, 2.30.
DRURY LANE.—(Gerr. 2538-9.) To-day, 2.15 and 8. Mats, Wed and Sat, 2.15. NED KEAN OF OLD DRURY.
DUKE OF YORKS.—HER TEMPORARY HUSBAND. To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. Mats, Thurs Sat, (Gerr. 513.)
EMPIRE.—(Gerr. 3527.) Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.30. "THE RAINBOW." Daphne Pollard, Tubby Edlin, etc.
Gaiety.—8.30. JOSE COLLINS in THE LAST WALTZ. By Oscar Straus. Mats, Whit Mon and Thurs, 2.30.
GARRICK.—8.30. Wed, Sat and Mon, 2.30. "Partners Again." Potash and Perlmutter in the Motor Business.
GOLDERS GREEN HIPPODROME.—7.45. (Hamstead 5015.) Royal Carl Rosa Opera Co. Mat, Sat, 2.30.
GLOBE.—8.30 Eve, Wed, Sat, 2.30. "The Voice Outside." Followed at 9 (Eves), 3 (Mats) by Aren't We All?
HAYMARKET.—RADELI, EDWARD and ANNE. By G. E. Jennings. 2.30, 8.30. Mats, Tu, Th, Sat, 2.30.
HIS MAJESTY.—THE GAY LORD QUEX.
Last 2 Perfs. To-day, at 2.30 and 8.15.
HIPPODROME.—2.30 and 8.15. BRIGHTER LONDON. Billy Merson, Louisa Lane, Paul Whitehead and Band.
LITTLE.—(Recent 2401.) THE 9 O'CLOCK REVUE. Eve, 9. Mats, Mon and Th, 8.45. Red Mat, Prices.
LYCEUM.—7.45. Wed, Thurs Sat, Mon, 2.30. "A Night of Temptation." Pop. prices 7s. 6d. to 8d. (Gerr. 7617.)
LYRIC.—2.15, 8.15. Wed, Sat, 2.30. "LILAC TIME." A Play with Music by Schubert. (Gerr. 5687.)
LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH.—THE DEBARS OPERA. To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. Mats, Wed and Sat, 2.30.
MARSKYLL'S THEATRE, near Oxford Circus. 3 and 8.
OSWALD WILKINS, the COMIC, etc., etc.
NEW.—(Reg. 4466.) MATHESON LANG in THE BAD MAN. New Comedy. To-day, at 2.30 and 8.50.
PLAYHOUSE.—GLADY COPPER. To-day, at 2.30 and 8.50. Mats, Thurs and Sat, 2.30.
PRINCE OF WALES.—Eve, 8.30. Wed, Thurs and Mon, 2.30. Anglo-American Scream. "SO THIS IS LONDON!"
PRINCE OF WALES.—To-day, 2.30. Wed, Thurs and Mon, 2.30. Anglo-American Scream. "SO THIS IS LONDON!"
QUEEN'S.—BLINDHEAD'S SUB WIFE. Eve, 8.30. Thurs, Sat, 2.30. Madge Trickett, Norman McKinnon.
REGENT, King's-X.—(Museum 5180.) THE INSECT PLAY. To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. Mats, Thurs, Sat. Pop. Prices.
ROYALTY.—(Gerr. 3855.) Eve, 8.30. AT MRS. BEAN'S. Dennis Eadie, Jean Chidell. Mats, Wed and Sat, 2.30.
SAVOY.—2.30, 8.15. POLLY. Mats, Mon, Thurs, Sat, 2.30.
PITT CHAMBER.

ST. JAMES'S.—2.30, 8.30. PEGGY O'NEIL in FLORIS.
THEATRE.—Mats, Wed, Sat, 2.30. 150th Perf. Sat, May 26.
ST. MARTINS.—Eve, 8.30. LUELL. Mats, Fri, Sat, 2.30.
"The Talk of the Town." Morning Post.
SCALA (NEW) THEATRE.—Nightly, 8.30. Mats, Weds, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. Morning Post.
SHAFTESBURY.—"MERTON OF THE MOVIES." Last 2 Perfs. To-day, 2.30 and 8.30.
STRAND.—8.30. Wed, Sat, 2.30. Pauline Lord in O'Neill's ANNA CHRISTIE. George Marion, Frank Shannon.
VAUDEVILLE.—2.30, 8.30. Comedy Edna and Co. A. Charl's Revue. Alfred Lester, Gertrude Lawrence.
WINTER GARDEN.—Eve, 8.30. KICKE GABARET GIRL. Dorothy Dickson, Leslie Henson. Th and Sat, 2.15.
WYNDHAM'S.—Gerold du Maurier in "THE DANCERS." A New Play. 2.30, 8.15. Thurs, Thurs, Thurs, Thurs.
COLISEUM.—(Gerr. 7540.) 2.30 and 7.45. Peppi Plasavsky, Non Bayes, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Moffat and Co.
PALADIUM.—2.30, 8.45. Comedy Edna and Co. De Cicco. The Two Boys. Fred Barnes, Wish Wynne, etc.
NEW OXFORD THEATRE.—MATHESON LANG in "Jealousy." Daily, 2.30, 8.30. Sun, 7.30. (Mats. 1740.)
PALACE.—Fringing Berlin's "BIG BOX REVUE." Nightly, 8.30. Mats, Thurs, Thurs, Thurs.
NEW GALLERY, Regent-st.—"PETER HIBBERTON" by Henry du Maurier. Thurs, Thurs, Thurs, Thurs.
LONDON PAVILION.—(Gerr. 704.) 2.30, 8.30. Sun, 7.30. "Hindus in the Camp." Africa with Gun and Camera.
PHILHARMONIC HALL.—To-day and Daily, 2.30 and 8.30. Sun, 2.30. "PIRO ROMANTIC INDIA."
POLYTECHNIC HALL.—The Dazzling Film, Wonderland of B.G. Gane. Dly 2.30, 5.15, 8.30. 1s. 3d. to 5s. 8d.
STOLL PICTURE THEATRE, Kingsway.—1s. to 10.50. "The Parents." A Sift to Assist "P." etc.
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—9 till 8. Whit Mon. Adults 1s. Children 6d.; other 3d. and 6d.

EXHIBITIONS.

GRAND INTERNATIONAL TOBACCO EXHIBITION. OLYMPIA.—Organised by "Tobacco." Last day, from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. Admission 1s. 3d. Don't miss the wonderful sights of the Tobacco Industry in showing, see come and see.
OLYMPIA, ROYAL TOURNAMENT. Patron—His Most Gracious Majesty the King. May 25th to June 9th, at 2.30 and 8 p.m.
GRAND PAGEANT—SCOTLAND IN ARMS. Box Offices now open, 10 to 6.
Olympia (Admission—Entrance Free, Tel. Ham. 2723. 66, Victoria-street, Tel. Victoria 9755, and principal booking agents.)
Reserved seats, 5s. 6d. 7s. 6d. 8s. 6d. 12s.; 15s., incl. tax.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
A REFINED Lady or Gentleman wanted for highly remunerative post, experience not essential. Apply by letter to Messrs. Dwyer Bros., 40, Manly-st., W. 1.
O. Parents and Guardians of the London and Training College, Ltd. (est. 26 years), Cable and Wireless Telegraphy: youths from 16 upwards trained for these services and positions obtained moderate fees.—Apply for prospectus, Dept. D.M., 262, Earl's Court-Road, S.W. 5.
GO TO 25 per week can be earned; no outlay; beautiful stationery and fancy goods at wonderful prices; active agents, either part, whole or spare time; elegant sample book free.—Dept. 65, Manufacturing Art Stationery Co., 26, Blackfriars-st., Manchester.

MARKETING BY POST.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
CANNED Fruits in Syrup.—Bargain Offer: 24 24 lbs. tins Peaches, Pears, Pine, Apricots, Plums, sealed, to order, c.p. 25s. Eng. and Wales; sample tins post free, 5s.—J. L. Importers, Thornton Heath, S.E.
POULTRY.—Large roasting spring Chickens, 9s. to 10s. 1/2 p.; ready fat Ducks, 5s. to 10s. each; large fat turkeys, 8s. 6d. each; geese, 7s. 6d. each; (all cash); trusted ready for table post free.—Annie Clark, Ivy House, Roscombary, Cork.

PHOTOGRAPHY, ETC.

Rate 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
£2,000 WORTH Cheap Photo-Material; catalogues, sample, free.—Bacterita Walsby, Liverpool.

CM21

Cadbury's
Milk Chocolate

ALSO WITH NUTS

"MAXIMUM FOOD VALUE" 1/3

HALF POUND BLOCK

"YOU CAN TASTE THE CREAM"

BOURNVILLE 1/3
Chocolate
FINEST PLAIN CHOCOLATE OBTAINABLE

CADbury's DAILY MILK CHOCOLATE
CANDIED PLAIN MILK CHOCOLATE

See the name CADBURY on every piece of Chocolate

PIP AND SQUEAK

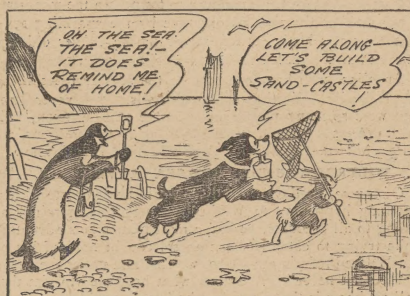
SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1923

THE ADVENTURES OF PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

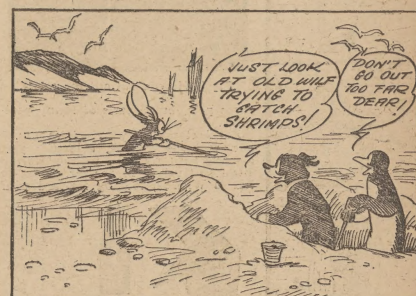
No. 84.—REAL WHITSUN "THRILLS": WILFRED NEARLY BECOMES A "MER-RABBIT."



1. Arriving at the seaside, the pets immediately rushed off to the sands with their spades and pails.



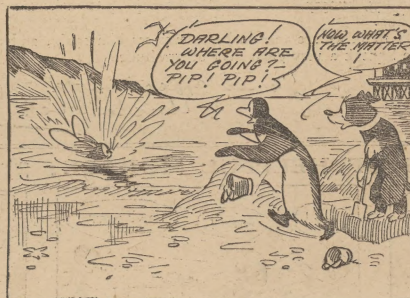
2. Wilfred, presented with a shrimping net by Angelina, hoped to catch thousands of shrimps.



3. While Pip and Squeak started to build sand-castles, the little rabbit began his shrimping.



4. Suddenly, however, to his intense astonishment, a big eel caught hold of his net!



5. Wilfred clung tight to the handle, and, of course, was quickly dragged underneath the waves.



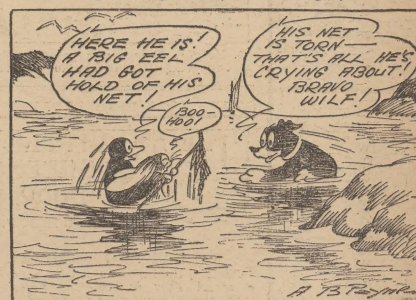
6. The eel wriggled on, but Wilfred would not leave go. Huge fish eyed him hungrily.



7. Just as things were getting very serious, Squeak, who is a splendid diver, arrived.



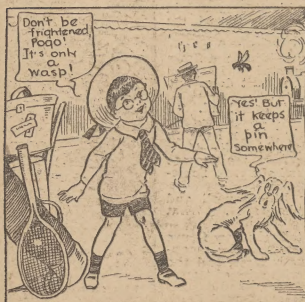
8. She lost no time in rescuing the half-drowned little rabbit and frightening away the eel.



9. When Squeak came to the surface Wilfred was still clutching the handle of his shrimping net!

"I-WONDER-WHY" HERBERT: No. 14.

Our young friend discovers that Father's tennis racket is not the best weapon to use when hunting wasps!



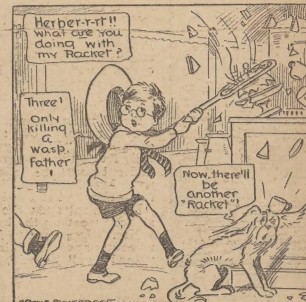
1. While waiting for a train at the station Herbert noticed a big wasp.



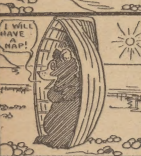
2. Snatching up Father's new tennis racket as a weapon, he chased the "buzzer."



3. The wasp settled on a glass dish on the counter of the refreshment-room—



4. —and what happened next did not please Father—as Herbert found out after!

BILLY BRUIN HAS
A QUIET NAP

"FUTURIST" PETS.

How to Make Them
with a Postcard.

Have you ever seen "Futurist" drawings—all squares and angles? Here is a jolly way for you to make some most amusing little "Futurist" Pets, Squeaks and Wilfreds.

All you need is a postcard or two, or, if you care to make them smaller, some visiting cards. First of all paint the card black all over. Then cut it out in nine pieces, as you see in Fig. 1.

From these nine sections you can make the jolliest little figures of the

Fig 1. How to cut out the cards.

three pets, in all sorts of funny positions.

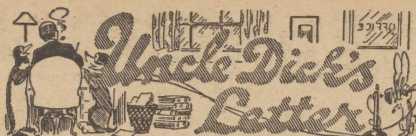
For instance, if you look at Fig. 2, you will see Squeak, evidently just starting out for a walk, with one funny little foot raised in the air. Next to her is Wilfred, looking forward with



Fig. 2. Squeak and Wilfred.

an expectant air. He has probably smelt some carrot!

With a little care, you will soon be able to make Pip, in several comical attitudes and a host of other figures.



ON THE SANDS, Saturday, May 19, 1923.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

We have all arrived at the seaside for the Whitsun holidays—Aunt Emma, Angeline, the pets and myself. We are spending the week-end at this quiet little place, and on Monday Pip, Squeak and Wilfred go to Hastings for the Carnival, while I, alas, return to town. In the meantime, we are making the most of our time by the sparkling sea—Aunt Emma, who is getting rather daring in her old age, has even had a paddle!

Angeline, who has only been to the seaside twice in her life, is busily collecting coloured shells. "I never knew there were so many pretty shells at the seaside, mum," she said to Aunt Emma. "Just look at these—millions and millions! How I shall carry them all home, I don't know!"

WILFRED'S UNDER-THE-SEA ADVENTURE.

Of course, no day in our lives would be complete without something happening to Wilfred. Early this morning, according to all accounts, he had a most tremendous adventure. While trying to catch shrimps an eel caught hold of his net and, Wilfred refusing to let go, whirled him under the waves.

We shall never know exactly what happened to him there—all we know is that Squeak, who is a splendid diver, swam under the water and rescued him. But we can imagine our little rabbit there, holding grimly on to his shrimping net, with big, hungry fishes on all sides hoping to make a meal of him.

I think we are very lucky to ever see him again, and we owe Squeak a very great debt of gratitude.

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

WHITSUN CONTEST.

£2 10s. for a Clever
Boy or Girl!

In the picture below you see several things, the names of which begin with the letter T. For instance, there is

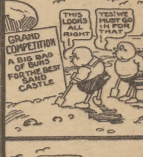


See how many Ts you can find, and then write them all out neatly on a card. For best entries I am awarding the following splendid cash prizes:—

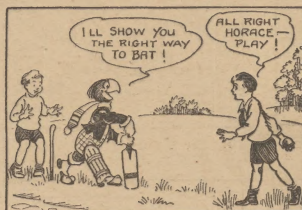
First Prize	£2 10 0
Second Prize	1 10 0
Third Prize	1 0 0
Forty Prizes of	5 0
Forty Prizes of	2 6

Send your card, with your name, age and address, to Uncle Dick (Ty, Pip and Squeak), care of *The Daily Mirror*, 25, Boulevard-street, London, E.C.4.

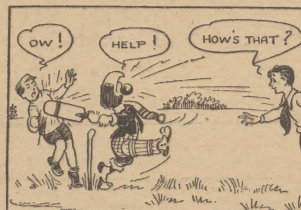
Only children under sixteen may enter for this competition, which closes on May 25.

THE CHICKS BUILD
A SAND CASTLE

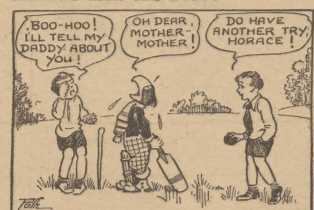
ADVENTURES OF HELPFUL HORACE:

Our little parrot opens the
cricket season this week!

1. Helpful. Horace was going to show his two young friends how to play cricket.



2. Unfortunately, he missed the first ball—but it didn't miss him!



3. This is a sad picture; but never mind! Horace cheered up afterwards!

START THIS FINE SERIAL TO-DAY.



BY CYNTHIA GORDON.

FOR NEW READERS.

Pamela, Paul and Babs, who have discovered a secret door in Professor Pigeon's house, meet a mysterious man called Mr. Morgan.

MIDNIGHT MYSTERY.

"Would you like to earn half a crown?" repeated Mr. Morgan, as the children stared round-eyed at him. "Well, look here. I'm very anxious to know what is behind that little green door you have told me about. I expect you would like to know, too."

"We should," said Pamela. "Then the best thing to do is to watch the Professor. Just hide in the room, one of you, and see how he opens it. If you tell me how it opens, I will give you half a crown."

He pushed open the gates as he spoke, and all four went up the broad drive. Mrs. Wiggs went to fetch the Professor, who presently appeared, blinking behind his glasses. "Good day," he said, peering at Mr. Morgan. "I—I don't think I have the pleasure—"

"My name is Morgan," said the children's new friend. "I have very much wanted to meet you, sir. I, too, am a scientist, and, as I have come to live near here, I thought, I would call on you. Luckily, I met these children."

"Delighted to meet you, sir," said the Professor cordially. "Will you come and smoke a cigar in my study?"

As soon as they were alone again Pamela, Paul and Babs broke out into excited chattering. "Well, we do have some funny adventures!" giggled Pam.

Why was he so keen to know about the little green door?" said Paul, thoughtfully. "You may depend upon it, Pam, there is some dark mystery!"

"I know!" cried Babs, suddenly. "Let's creep down to-night—and try to open it!"

"That's a great idea!" cried the others.

"We'll pretend we're explorers looking for treasure," went on Babs, her eyes shining.



"Hush! What was that?" whispered Paul.

"And p'raps we shall find a secret passage—full of wealth treasure—and p'raps it'll go under ground—and—"

"And p'raps it won't!" interrupted practical Paul. "Any way, it'll be an adventure, and you never know what we may find!"

While Mystery Towers was shrouded in darkness and the pale moon was sailing in the cloudy sky Paul tumbled out of bed.

"Now for an adventure!" he whispered, as he tiptoed out into the dark passage. Two shadowy forms could be seen at the head of the stairs, and a sweet, low voice whispered: "Who goes?"

"Friend!" replied Paul, softly.

"Say the password!" demanded the taller of the figures.

"Little Green Door!"

This was the word agreed upon between the conspirators. Paul hastily joined Pamela and Babs—for the shadowy figures were his two sisters, both wrapped in flowered dressing gowns and at once took the lead. "Follow me," he whispered; and he began to creep down the dark, wide stairs. Pam and Babs followed him, too excited to speak; and step by step they stole down.

Suddenly Paul stopped and held up his finger. "Hush! What was that?" he whispered. They all listened, but they could hear nothing save the quick beating of their hearts.

"I could have sworn I heard a step!" said Paul. "But come on; p'raps it was the cat."

At last they reached the first landing. How still and desolate it seemed! The moon shone through a window, and the door of the room—the wonderful room where they had found the little green door—was silvered with its beams.

Paul laid his fingers on his lips to enjoin silence. Then he very carefully turned the handle and pushed open the door.

They crept into the huge, bare room; and there was the little green door—it had not flown away, as they had half-expected! In great excitement the three children knelt down and examined it.

"No handle, no keyhole!" said Paul. "I can't make it out."

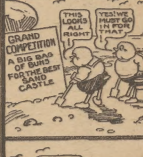
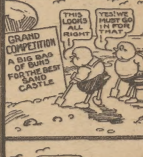
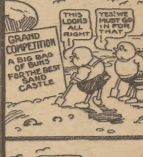
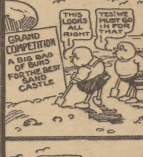
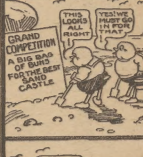
"Hush!" Pamela suddenly laid her hand on his arm. "Did you—I thought I heard—"

Her voice trailed off, for from the passage outside came the distinct sound of a step. Someone was coming!

Babs jumped up with a little squeal, and Paul half-rose. "My hat!" he gasped. "What was that?"

As he said the words, a tall, shadowy figure suddenly appeared in the room. The moonlight made it appear unusually large, and the three children sprang back with cries of terror. The figure instantly turned round and dashed out of the room. "After him!" shouted Paul, rushing forward. "It's a man! It's a burglar!"

(Who is the strange visitor? More thrills next week!)

THE CHICKS BUILD
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A SAND CASTLE

A DEBT OF HONOUR

By MAY
EDGINTON



"Look here," said Garnet, "what you're hinting at I have no means of guessing. But say it right out. I swear to you that I'm in such straits that I'd take on any old thing to get hold of the money."

NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

ANNA LAND, employed as forewoman at the Garnet Printing Works, London, has a sister Lucia, Mrs. Aveling, a woman twenty years older than herself, who has had three husbands and is rich in worldly possessions. Lucia is restless, pleasure-loving; Anna, young, pure, idealistic, willing to sacrifice anything to self-expression, which in her case is music.

The manager of the Garnet Works is Bertie Silver, a strong, saturnine individual, who loves Anna. King Garnet, owner of the Garnet Works, meets Anna and displays interest in her. Silver is jealous. He has been secretly acquiring information, and one night he tells Anna that he has discovered he is old Garnet's son and heir by a former marriage, and that King Garnet is his half-brother and a pauper.

He proposes to Anna, but she will not accept him. Later, Silver ejects Mrs. Garnet and King summarily from the house which is now his. A mutual friend, Mabel Conway, takes Mrs. Garnet abroad with her. King sets himself to fight the battle of life, realising more and more each day how poorly he is equipped for it.

He secures employment as a waiter at a famous restaurant where Anna has been engaged to sing at five pounds a week. Lucia goes with her latest admirer, Paul Bobby, to hear her sister, and later she tells Anna that she is contemplating marrying Bobby.

Silver, who is anxious to get into society, employs Bobby as his secretary because the young man can give him useful introductions. Silver extracts from Anna a half-promise that she will allow him to pay the expenses of a song recital, and when King Garnet hears of it he is bitterly angry; he accuses Anna of going over to the enemy.

KING'S QUEST.

ANNA kept down the little thrill of elemental rapture in her heart.

She said: "It will be all right, King. I shall take Silver's five hundred pounds in a fortnight's time. But it will make no difference. I will be the same Anna. And for many years I shall be waiting, if necessary, just the same."

Garnet replied: "I may fail you. I have promised to be a big man for you; but—I may fail you. I am a waiter; and a confoundedly unaccomplished one at that."

"You're hearing—seeing—believing all sorts of things you didn't know existed before."

"Very well, my dear. I have been very happy this afternoon, and I thank you for it. And I have been very wretched; and I thank you even for that, too. Anna, a fortnight, isn't it?"

"A fortnight?"

"Before Silver buys whatever he may buy with his cursed five hundred?"

She shrank, but replied calmly: "I have told him I shall wait a fortnight."

"Good-bye."

He went to the door without even a handclasp, leaving her on the hearth, looking after him. If he had known how she almost ran after him, pulled him back, kissed him, cried on his shoulder, it might have made no difference to his going, in the sudden mood which had fallen upon him. He had the exaltation which sometimes comes to a man at the end of everything when he means to forge ahead for death or glory, and really does not take much account, in the fighting, of which comes to him.

"Five hundred pounds!" said King Garnet to himself at least five hundred times during the next two days and nights. "And I haven't five hundred shillings; no, nor five hundred pence."

He walked the streets, looking at men's faces—their prosperous, preoccupied faces; he looked up at big blocks of offices, where money was made as in a mint; he saw sleek men escorting soft women into theatre and dance club and jeweller's; he waited, napping over arm, daily upon his more fortunate fellows; he went in the April gloaming through the vast green spaces of Hyde Park and saw the outcasts creeping away to shelter for the night.

He sat on his bed of nights and searched

desperately for the means to five hundred pounds. He dreamed of it in his pocket; and awoke to find himself bankrupt.

He found himself loitering, sometimes, outside a lighted jeweller's window; here diamonds blinked and pearls of such lustrous beauty as made a vagrant's mouth water gleamed on black velvet beds. Now he knew how the beggar feels watching the vast spectacle of riches; now he knew envy, greed and hate; now he saw the classes as dogs at each other's throats.

He lingered, but sensed that behind all those precious windows, at all hours of the night, was a watchman. Garnet swore. He felt weak. He felt the great hand of the world strongly upon him.

Then he made up his mind.

It was on the fourth day after he had last talked to Anna Land that, when he left the Charlton at 3.30 in the

afternoon, he went towards his old home. He crossed Piccadilly, took the well-known ways through the quiet and pleasant by-streets towards the Garnet house.

He meant to ask Silver point-blank for that money, as a loan.

He had swallowed his rage and his pride, and he meant to stand before his brother, hat in

hand. It appeared a little, too, to his sense of a joke that Silver might lend the very sum that should free Anna from any impending obligation to him.

He reached the well-known front door, rang the bell and looked about him. Workmen were busy like flies on the front of the house. It was assuming a dazzling white; gardeners were attending window-boxes. Silver had that unaffected of the human mushroom, he must paint the lily.

A new butler opened the front door and looked the shabby young man up and down.

Mr. Silver Garnet was out. The servant possessed himself entirely unprepared to say when he would be in.

"The business is extremely important," said King Garnet, looking beyond the butler into the familiar hall.

"Your name?"

Just as his name was on the tip of his tongue, King Garnet remembered that the house was probably forbidden to him, and that the servants would have had their orders thereon. He replied:

"Johnson."

"You might see Mr. Garnet's secretary, perhaps, if your business is really urgent," said the butler, and he motioned the young man in.

In two minutes King was ushered into the library, into the presence of Paul Bobby.

TEMPTED!

KING GARNET saw this slight, fair, dapper, insinuating youth with amazement and amusement. Bobby was exquisite; oiled, manicured, tailored, barbered to a hair; and his deep-black eyes were the coldest things into which Garnet had ever looked.

The young secretary made a slight suave movement of the hand and spoke insolently.

Sit down.

Garnet sat down on the further side of the big central writing-table, and Bobby straddled on the hearth before a wood fire and surveyed him.

"Your name is Johnson? Your business?"

"My business is of a very private nature with Mr. Silver Garnet."

The secretary smiled very slightly.

"Really, Mr. Johnson? You had better tell it to me."

"I must repeat that it is private."

"A rich man has no private business," Bobby remarked, "or none which is kept from the ear of a confidential secretary. Are you a commercial traveller, an insurance agent or an applicant of some sort?"

For a short space of time King Garnet kept silent, cogitating his reply, and wondering about his exact footing in this house. In that silence Paul Bobby came to his conclusion. He had noticed the visitor's linen.

"You've come to beg—eh?"

Garnet threw off all prevarications. "That's exactly my errand."

Bobby paused and looked towards the door. He had to a fine degree the art of implication by his least glance or gesture. His look was a condemnation, a refusal and an invitation all at once. And Garnet longed to take the hint, implacable boy and throw him from the house as not so very long ago, he had thrown Silver.

"I want five hundred pounds," he said calmly.

Bobby laughed.

King Garnet sat by while the exquisite youth sauntered to the window and back, contemptuously laughing, and his anger suddenly evaporated, leaving him with a great and desperate calm. He watched Paul Bobby's loitering progress forth and back.

The secretary stood again on the hearthrug, his hands thrust into his trousers pockets.

"Is that all?" said he.

"That is absolutely all," said King Garnet, but with a metal ring in his lowered voice.

Bobby regarded Garnet curiously.

"Your name is really Johnson?"

"It serves."

"Quite so," said Bobby. "Or rather it serves not at all, but will do as well as any other name so far as I am concerned. But let me know your meaning for you have one. You are acquainted with Mr. Silver Garnet?"

"We have met occasionally."

"Come! Do you tell me that on the strength of an occasional acquaintance you have come to ask for a sum like that?"

"I have come to try."

"You imagine you have some kind of hold over Mr. Silver Garnet, I take it?"

"On the contrary, no hold at all."

"Then, my poor fool," said Bobby, "you may walk out."

"No," said King Garnet. "I do not walk out."

Bobby looked intently from him to the bell and back again.

"There's something behind this. Come! Let's get it at."

"There is nothing behind it but sheer desperation."

The shabby boy became suddenly alert. Into his cold black eyes came a little spark.

"Desperate, eh?"

Garnet nodded.

"People use big words too easily," Bobby remarked, glancing at his nails.

"I have not used the word easily at all. Coming here begging makes me sick!"

Bobby rocked very gently on his heels, looking him over.

Why the exactitude of the sum? Some scraps, eh?"

"It is the minimum that I must have, within ten days from now."

"Why the exactitude of the date?"

"That is my business."

Still Bobby regarded him with that spark of fire in his black eyes.

"When you say you are desperate, I believe you. You look desperate. But I don't think you will get five hundred pounds from Silver."

"I have no better reason than the ones you put forth."

"You think not?"

"I know it. But—"

"But?" Garnet echoed.

Before he spoke again Bobby stood for some seconds silent on the hearth, listening for sounds about the house. There were none.

Thick-built, thick-carpeted, it was quiet as a

grave. All the while his eyes were on Garnet, sitting motionless before him. At last he said:

"I have been up against things myself before now. I have had to turn like a hare before the greyhounds. I know what it is. You are in that sort of a tight place, eh?"

"I am in a tighter place," Garnet replied slowly.

A slight kindness and warmth, calculated to a shade, infused the secretary's voice. Without moving he made a friendlier impression of drawing nearer.

"But," he went on, "there are often things a man can do."

"Name 'em," said Garnet bitterly.

"Sometimes," Bobby pursued, "there are things which can only be named in strictest confidence. A man who can hold his tongue, keep his wits and show a bit of enterprise and pluck can now and again pick up a sum even as high as five hundred pounds."

Garnet sprang up.

"Name 'em, I tell you!"

"Name 'em," said Bobby. "There are things which can only be named in strictest confidence. A man who can hold his tongue, keep his wits and show a bit of enterprise and pluck can now and again pick up a sum even as high as five hundred pounds."

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Fry's PURE
BREAKFAST
Cocoa

Keeps them fit

Fry's Pure Breakfast Cocoa every morning keeps many thousands of families fit, strong and cheery.

It is the family favourite, not only for nourishment, but also because young and old enjoy its pure chocolate flavour so much—they like it more and more.

Remember, Fry's Cocoa has been made better and better since 1728.

7½d. per quarter lb. tin.



"Fry's for Good"

GOLF FIELDS FOR GATWICK AND AYR RACING.

Archibald's Double in Selling Races. SPUN BEATEN. Exciting Play in Walker Cup and Leeds Golf Matches.

There were many surprises in yesterday's sport. In racing the unexpected happened on several occasions at Gatwick and Ayr. In the Leeds golf tournament F. C. Jolly qualified for the final round by beating Faulkner and Mackenzie, and will now uphold the prestige of British golf against Walter Hagen. In cricket, Gloucester avoided an innings defeat at the Oval by a fine stand in their second knock, but eventually lost by eight wickets. Other features were:—

Racing.—Archibald scored a double event for Mr. F. Straker in the two selling races at Gatwick.

Golf.—England secured a lead of 3 matches to 1 on the foursomes in the Walker Cup golf match at St. Andrews.

Cricket.—Middlesex gained a clever victory over Oxford University by 16 runs, Durston taking eight wickets for 27. Sussex beat Northants by nine wickets.

STAYERS AT GATWICK.

Tomatin's Chance in the Prince's Handicap To-day.

By BOUVIERE.

Most interest in the racing at Gatwick to-day will centre in the Prince's Handicap, a two miles affair, in which several very useful stayers are engaged. Of course, neither Chivalrous, nor Flint Jack will be saddled and the best of the remainder may be Dawn of Peace, Mizzen Mast and Tomatin, the latter of whom I hear runs for Mantol in preference to East Tor.

Compared with the weights carried at Derby Tomatin appears to be very nicely treated with

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

GATWICK.	AYR.
2.0—MUGUETTE C.	2.0—CISBY BANK.
2.50—TOBERMORY.	2.50—GEUR DE LION.
3.0—SWORD PLAY.	3.0—MOCKING BIRD.
2.50—TOMATIN.	3.50—RUMINANE F.
4.0—MONDOOSE.	4.0—LITTLE VEGA.
4.25—HOLY WILLIE.	4.50—GEISHA GIRL.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.
SWORD PLAY and MONDOOSE.

Dawn of Peace, and as the longer distance is likely to be in favour of the Mantol horse I shall expect him to turn the tables.

Heverswood, who would be next door to a certainty for the Home Bred Stakes, gives way to Sword Play, and as that youngster has already shown useful form he should prove a capable underdog.

Another Bechampton candidate in Holy Willie goes for the Apprentice Plate, and if in the mood would win away with the race. But Town Guard's brother has a will of his own, and is not to be depended upon.

Rather a poor lot are engaged in the Marlborough Stakes which appears to provide an excellent opportunity for Mongoose, who has run well in much better company.

Mocking Bird, one of the most improved horses in the North, holds an outstanding chance in the Eglinton Handicap at Ayr after his excellent effort at Ascot. As the bookmakers also know all about him, however, I am afraid the price will be bad.

COURSE AND TRAINING NEWS.

Points from Tattersall's, the Track and the Paddock.

Frank Bullock has been engaged to ride Mongoose in the Marlborough Stakes to-day.

Bridge of Dun was sold to Mr. R. Jeffrey for 750g. after winning at Gatwick yesterday.

F. Bullock, Carslake, Griggs, Smith and Walker will be riding at Hurst Park on Monday and Tuesday.

Peter Jones will be seen in the saddle at Redcar, Yarmouth, and Manchester next week. He rides Mocking Bird at Ayr to-day.

The mishap to Black Prince VII. is not so serious as was thought, and everything will be done to send the colt to the post for the Derby at Epsom.

Breslane and Tobermory, engaged to-day, are previous winners at Gatwick. Farinney, Chopsack, Mocking Bird, Lady Carolina, Felim, Little Vega and Light of Cuba have won at Ayr.

If she survives her preparation without any further mishap, Soubrinnet will be started for the Manchester Cup next Friday. The stable can also be represented by Captain Fracasse, but the latter will only be started in the absence of Soubrinnet.



Durston, the Middlesex fast bowler, who took 8 Oxford wickets for 27 runs.

Archibald, who was successful on Bridge of Dun and Phlox at Gatwick yesterday.

FAVOURITES' MIXED LUCK.

Two Winners for Archibald at Gatwick—Orpi's Win at Ayr.

Well backed horses had quite a good innings at Gatwick yesterday, but it was one of those days when you wanted Dame Fortune well on your side to pick out the right one.

Not many people made a mistake in the Ashdown Plate, and the big majority also profited when Bridge of Dun's stable companion, Ellos, completed a double for Captain Bewicke and Archibald in the St. Leonards Plate. After that, however, winner-riding became a little more difficult.

Spun and Postmaster carried nearly all the money in the Alexandra Handicap, and to the delight of the bookmakers neither could get into the first three. The upshot was a clever win for Norah McTavish, on whom R. Jones had a few uneasy moments before he disposed of the attentions of the outsider Anapance.

Much the same experience befell backers in the Baggate Handicap, as they were sharply divided between Goldendale and Oford, and Campbell Kid beat them both very easily.

Goldfinch made some amends for the defeat of Goldendale by carrying Lord Alameda's colours successfully in the Worth Plate, but the majority preferred the "dark" Grand Joy.

Eril upset another favourite in Old Nic by a short head in the Champagne Stakes, for which the number of Donoghue's mount was at first put into the bag as the winner.

Two Newmarket horses in Emulsion and Tutankhamen did not make the long journey to Ayr in vain, but Meaveng Bay and Sale Ticket were both beaten, and the latter most unexpectedly by his solitary rival Colindale in the Doon Welter.

Forerunner, the chief Northern hope for the Montrose Handicap, ran well, but Orpi had his measure some way from home, and he was also passed by Springdale before the post was reached.

BOUVIERE.

TO-DAY'S ATHLETICS.

Great Gatherings in Prospect at Sudbury and Stamford Bridge.

The recurrence of his muscular trouble at Stamford Bridge on Wednesday will prevent H. F. V. Edwards taking part in the Lyons Athletic Club meeting at Sudbury to-day, but other famous stars of the athletic firmament will appear there in a strong programme.

Indeed, most Southern cracks are distributing themselves between Sudbury and Stamford Bridge. At the Italian Sports Club meeting, which opens at the Bridge to-day and will be continued on Monday, Ugo Frigerio, the Olympic walking champion, who last year took the two miles English championship, will attempt to beat record to-day. On Monday last he beat the 10,000 metres record and will attempt to beat his own new figures again on Monday next.

The King of Italy has presented a challenge trophy and this has attracted the cream of Belgian, French, Italian and English athletes.

TODD'S NEXT CONTEST.

Doncaster Boxer Using Army Hut for His Gymnasium.

Roland Todd, who meets Augie Ratner at the Holland Park Ring on Monday, June 4, is looking forward to the contest with his usual confidence. Todd has had some trouble over finding suitable training quarters, but has solved the problem by purchasing an unused Army hut and fitting it up as a gymnasium near his home at Doncaster.

He has been doing some good work in the ring, and already is in splendid condition. When the hut has been finished Todd will enter into serious boxing practice with his sparring partners.

Ted Moore, of Plymouth, has been clamouring for a return with Todd, and he will be at the ringside next month ready with a challenge.



Riders on the heath at Newmarket taking a peep into the paddock.

EASY SURREY WIN.

Surprise Victory for Middlesex—Northants' Bad Luck.

A gallant struggle by Gloucester at the Oval yesterday ended in a victory for Surrey by eight wickets.

Gloucester succeeded in saving the threatened innings defeat. They began cautiously, and after fifteen minutes were occupied in getting 50 runs.

Smith's 67 were invaluable and contained only two chances. The Gloucester captain, P. C. Williams, gave a brilliant display of powerful driving. His 57 not out included eight boundary strokes. The visitors' total reached 252, and Surrey, left to get 90 runs to win, secured this number in little more than an hour with eight wickets to spare. Hobbs made 50 not out.

There was a surprising finish to the game at Oxford. The Dark Blues required only 91 to beat Middlesex, whose second innings contained a bright contribution of 67 by Hazro and another of 54 by F. T. Mann, the remaining batsmen failing against varied bowlers.

Apart from G. T. S. Stevens, however, none of the University side could play the Middlesex bowling with any success, and they were all out for 74. Durston was very handy, and finished with a complete analysis of eight for 27.

Northampton had an unfortunate experience at Brighton last week in regard to the loss of a match than in the matter of their players. Walden, who made 45 in the first innings, was unable to turn out a second time owing to an injury to his fingers, and Wells and Mordin, their fast bowlers, were also unwell.

Northants may have some difficulty in completing their season to meet Leicester to-day, and S. Wright and Captain White will not be available.

Sussex were only 81 runs behind at the close of the Northants' innings, and their runs were hit off for the loss only of Bowley's wicket.

CRICKET SCORE BOARD.

Dark Blues Out for 74—Durston Takes 8 Wickets for 27.

OXFORD U. v. MIDDLESEX—At Oxford.

Middlesex—First Innings: 213. Second Innings: 191. Oxford—First Innings: 165. Second Innings: 113. Hazro 67, P. C. Williams 57, B. H. Battington 3 for 56. G. T. S. Stevens—First Innings: 314. Second Innings: 165. Durston 8 for 27.

SUSSEX v. NORTHANTS—At Brighton. Northants—First Innings: 165. Second Innings: 113. Sussex—First Innings: 197. Second Innings: 84 for 1. Bowley 51, A. H. Gilligan not out 28.

SURREY v. GLOUCESTER—At the Oval. Surrey—First Innings: 232. Second Innings: 90 for 8. Hobbs not out 50.

Gloucester—First Innings: 64. Second Innings: 252. Dwyer 24, Hammond 35, Smith 67, Major Robinson 35. P. C. Williams not 57. Bowling: Shepherd 3 for 37. Surrey won by 8 wickets.

FOOTBALL SIGNINGS.

Staffordshire Goalkeeper Joins Preston—Archibald Transferred to Grimsby.

Preston North End have signed James Winning, a twenty-years-old goalkeeper from Cheshire, near Stoke, who has made a reputation in Staffordshire League football.

Billy Mercer has re-signed for Preston, but Quantrell, Ferris, Yates and Marquis have not yet done so. Ferris has gone home to Ireland.

J. Archibald, a reserve goalkeeper, has not been retained by Newcastle United, and has signed for Grimsby Town.

Leicester City's centre half, James Harrold, has been placed on the transfer list at his own request.

H. Ledley, whose action against the Chesterfield F.C. was heard recently, was yesterday transferred to Grimsby Town.

Crawford, Lane and Keen are the latest players to re-sign for Millwall, making a total of nineteen professionals so far engaged for next season.

John (half back) has resigned for Queen's Park Rangers. Both C. and J. Gregory have been placed on the transfer list.

Anglia (half back) brings the Brentford total of resigned players to eleven. Copper is expected to sign during the next few days.

HENLEY LAWN TENNIS.

B. I. C. Norton and F. M. B. Fisher are the winners of the Henley Lawn Tennis Club's lawn tennis tournament, and the last two in the women's event are Mrs. Edgington and Mrs. Craddock.

Fisher was in excellent form whilst beating C. P. Luck by 6-1, but Norton was given a capital match by B. D. Helmore before winning at 9-7, 8-6.

HAGEN OR JOLLY?

Last Stage in Professional Golf Tourney at Headingley.

ANGLO-AMERICAN FINAL.

LEEDS, Friday Night.

As a result of to-day's proceedings in the third and semi-final stages of the Headingley 2700 tournament, Walter Hagen, the United States professional and holder of the British Open Championship, will oppose H. C. Jolly, of Foxgrove, to-day in the final.

A thousand spectators were enthralled by the almost magic play of Hagen and Sarazen in the semi-final round. They are the respective champions of the old and the new worlds, and they played like it for eleven holes.

Sarazen took the lead by holing a four yards putt at the second green. Hagen drew level by doing the same thing on the seventh. The next two were beautifully halved, and then Hagen drove to the tenth green, 293 yards, and won the hole in three for the lead.

He became two up at the twelfth by holing a three-yarder, but played his first bad shot from the thirteenth tee. He pushed it over a bank and finished near a furze bush.

A local rule made him out of bounds, and with Sarazen's help he saved the tee and Hagen had no chance. Two halves followed, and then Hagen did the long sixteenth in three, and the short seventh in four, to win by 3 and 1.

He finished in the marvellous score of five under fours.

JOLLY TOUCHES PERFECTION.

Jolly played extremely well to beat Mackenzie, and did not make one bad mistake. Missing a short putt cost him the fifth, but thereafter his play was perfect.

Hagen gave a masterly display against Arthur Havers in the third round.

At the short seventeenth Hagen banged his ball into a bunker-jumping adventure, and Havers squared.

Then came the climax. Both his clinking drives to the eighteenth hole. Hagen misjudged a high-pitched approach and found a grassy bunker. He took his approach pin high, and five feet from the pin. He looked as if he was about to pull it out, but he lowered, but Hagen saved himself with a brilliant stroke. The spectators had shown themselves to be sympathetic with the young Englishman, but that glorious match-winning shot of the American was thoroughly appreciated.

Even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer. Havers was faced with a difficult putt for the match. He was in danger of stymying himself if he ran past and this perturbed him so that he played short.

Meanwhile George Duncan, playing against an automaton who made no mistakes, went under to J. Mackenzie, if likely.

Gene Sarazen overwhelmed James Ockenden, and Jolly, who had only won his way to the match-play stage after a tie, beat Gus Faulkner after a needle match which went to the twentieth.

THIRD ROUND RESULTS.

H. C. Jolly (Foxgrove) beat G. Faulkner (Pennard) at the twentieth.
H. Mackenzie (Ilkley) beat G. Duncan (Hanger Hill) by 2 and 1.
Walter Hagen (U.S.A.) beat A. G. Havers (West Lances) at the nineteenth.
G. Sarazen (U.S.A.) beat J. Ockenden (Raynes Park) 6 and 3.

SEMI-FINALS.

Jolly beat Mackenzie 2-1.
W. Hagen (U.S.A.) beat G. Sarazen (U.S.A.) by 3 and 1.

OTHER SPORT IN BRIEF.

News and Gossip on Men and Matters of the Moment.

Latest Derby Prices.—25-20 Town Guard, 9 Payrins, 10 Ellangowan, Pharos, 100-5 My Lord, Legality, 20 Hoger du Busli, 25 Twelve Pointer.

Women Boxers.—The London Fire Brigade A.S.U. are organising a tournament of six-round contests at the National Sporting Club to-night.

Cricketing.—The W. Hill-Wood will assist Derbyshire in their match against Warwickshire at Birmingham to-day. As a result of his injury at Nottingham, Morton is doubtful.

Ring Boxing.—Albert Rogers, Mitcham, and Jim Slater, Walsall, meet in a fifteen-round contest, at the Ring to-night. The men weigh in to-day at two o'clock, the agreed weight being 11st. 11lb.

Waybridge Regatta.—All communications respecting Waybridge regatta, which is fixed for Saturday, August 4, should be addressed to Mr. P. A. Cory, O.B.E., hon. secretary to the regatta, c/o Linsell & Co., Waybridge.

Claude Falkner Leaves for Canada.—Claude Falkner left Liverpool yesterday for a tour of Canada which will last until September. He hopes to meet American as well as Canadian champions in the match billiards, American snooker and cannon billiards.

Mrs. Gaitley won the Benson cup for the best eighteen holes on the two days' play in the Kent women's meeting at Sandridge Park yesterday, while the handicap cup for the best eighteen holes was secured by Miss G. W. (sixteen) with a net score of 76.

League Lawn Tennis.—North London Parks' Lawn Tennis League fixtures to-day are: Manor v. Clissold Park, Hackney Downs v. Millfields, Victoria Park v. Finchley Park, Millfields v. P. v. Hackney Downs, B. v. Highbury Fields v. Springfield Park.

Actor Holds in One.—George Grosvenor, a member of the Stage Golfing Society, added his name to the list of golfers who have holed out in one stroke. He was playing a friendly match at Wimbledon Park on Monday, when he holed a distance of 125 yards, saw his ball enter the tin from the tee.

Patterson's View.—In an interview at Melbourne Gerald Patterson expressed the opinion that the British Davis Cup team appeared to be rather out of sync with their opponents. He added, says the Exchange, that Norton and Kingstone would have considerably strengthened the team of which L. H. Le Grand, the holder, finished fourth, six strokes behind the winner.

Stage Golfers.—The competition for the Stage Golfing Society's Thompson Cup, the first of the season, was held at Oxley yesterday, when, over thirty-six holes, Basil Foster won with a net return of 159. Twenty-two players took out cards. L. H. Le Grand, the holder, finished fourth, six strokes behind the winner.

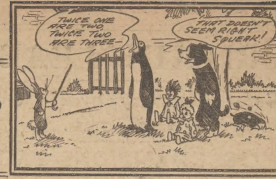
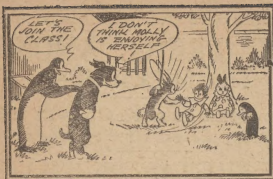
Schoolboy International.—The twelfth schoolboys' international between England and Scotland will be played to-day at Hampden Park, Glasgow. Barrowa (East Ham), Black and Nakh (Wimbledon), Maile (left), and Nakh (London) boys selected. Of the previous eleven matches England has won five, Scotland three and three have been drawn. England has a goal record of 21 against 18. This international arouses great interest in Scotland and attracts big attendances.

THE PRINCE AMONG



The Daily Mirror

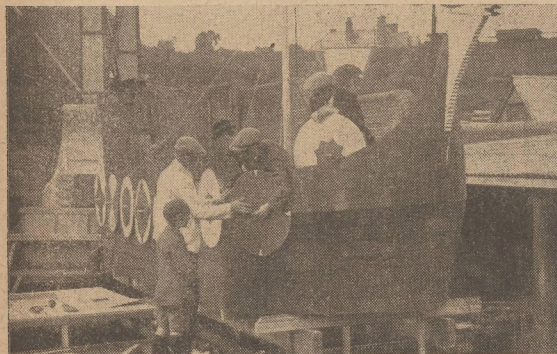
NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER



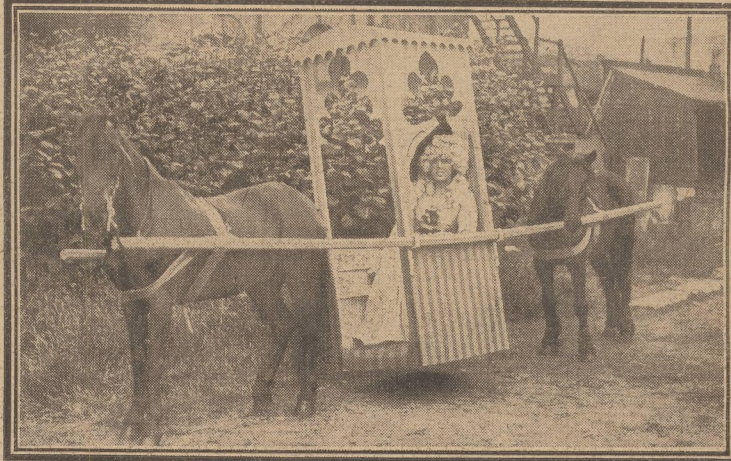
A splendid chance for—

—boys and girls on page 12.

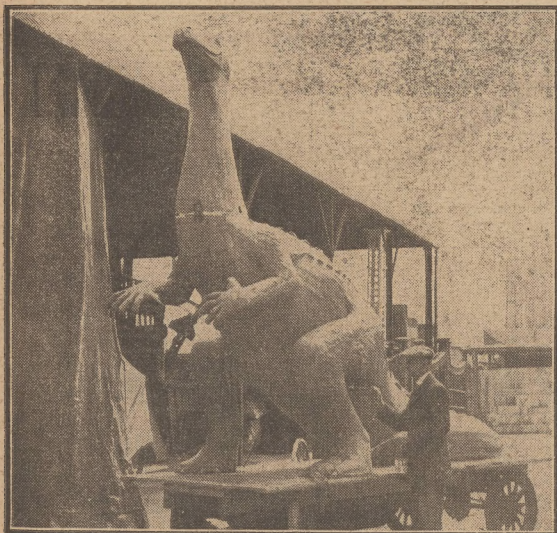
PROCESSION FEATURES IN READINESS FOR HASTINGS CARNIVAL CELEBRATIONS



Giving finishing touches to the Vikings' handsome war vessel.



Miss Ruby Poynton as the "Duchess of Devonshire" in her horse-borne Sedan chair.



A monster Iguanodon which is to figure in the carnival procession.



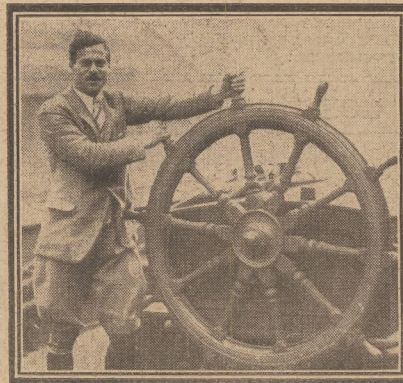
"Boadicea" in her chariot ready to take part in the celebrations.

Hastings and St. Leonards Carnival opens to-day with the arrival at noon of the King and Queen of Carnival, who will be received by the Mayor in the White Rock Gardens.

A full programme of spectacle and entertainment, with dancing and children's fetes, will be provided throughout the Whitsun holidays.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE CHIEF.—Mrs. Corbett Ashby, who was unanimously elected chief of the International Women's Suffrage Alliance at the congress meeting of the Alliance. Other candidates withdrew.



ROUND THE WORLD FLIGHT.— Captain Norman Macmillan at the wheel of the Frontiersman, a pilot boat which is to precede him as "mother ship" on a flight round the world.



FOR SOUTH AFRICA.—Mr. Maurice Moscovitch, the well-known actor, with his wife (right) and Miss Margaret Swallow (left), his leading lady in "The Great Lover," leaving for a tour in South Africa.